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No. 1689

THE BYSTANDER
APRIL 29, 1936

THE BYSTANDER

FLYING NUMBER

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The Bystander, April 29, 1936

No. 1689. Vol. CXXX.

The BYSTANDER

Schall, Paris

Constance Bennett—Mercurial Marquise de la Falaise

Lovely, lively Constance Bennett has been over here now for two months, making a picture for Gaumont-British and decorating a good many Mayfair parties. The film she's working on is called *Everything is Thunder*, and gives her the part of a poor Berlin girl who befriends an English officer escaped from a prison camp, with Douglass Montgomery, a co-migrant from Hollywood, as the hero. Oscar Homolka plays villain, as a Berlin detective, and Milton Rosmer directs. When the film is finished, Miss Bennett has to go back to America, but she is booked to return later in the year for another English film. Her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise ("Hank" to his friends), is responsible for the colour film of jungle life called *Kliou the Tiger*, which has been breaking records at the Rialto; he went off on an extremely arduous and dangerous trip into the interior of Annam to make it, but the result is an exciting and worth-seeing film

Howard Coster

Promoters of Employment: No. 1. Sir Eric Geddes

Sir Eric Geddes, P.C., G.C.B. (Civil), G.B.E., K.C.B. (Mil.), is Chairman of the Dunlop Rubber Company and of Imperial Airways, Limited. Dunlop's, with its subsidiaries, employs fifty-five thousand people, has its own plantations and has factories scattered all over the world, and is capitalised at twenty millions. No satisfactory substitute for rubber has yet been discovered, consequently Dunlop's holds a key position in peace and war. Imperial Airways seems small in comparison, with two thousand employees and a million pounds capital, but it is the chosen instrument of the Government in linking England with the world by air. Born in India in 1875, and educated at Merchiston, Sir Eric Geddes served his apprenticeship on American, Indian and English railways. During the war he rose rapidly — amongst the posts he held were Deputy Director-General Munitions Supply, Director-General Transportation, Director-General Military Railways and Inspector-General Transportation All Theatres of War, and First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1919 he became the first Minister of Transport, and in 1921 he was appointed Chairman of the Committee to advise on all questions of National Expenditure, better known as "The Axe" Committee

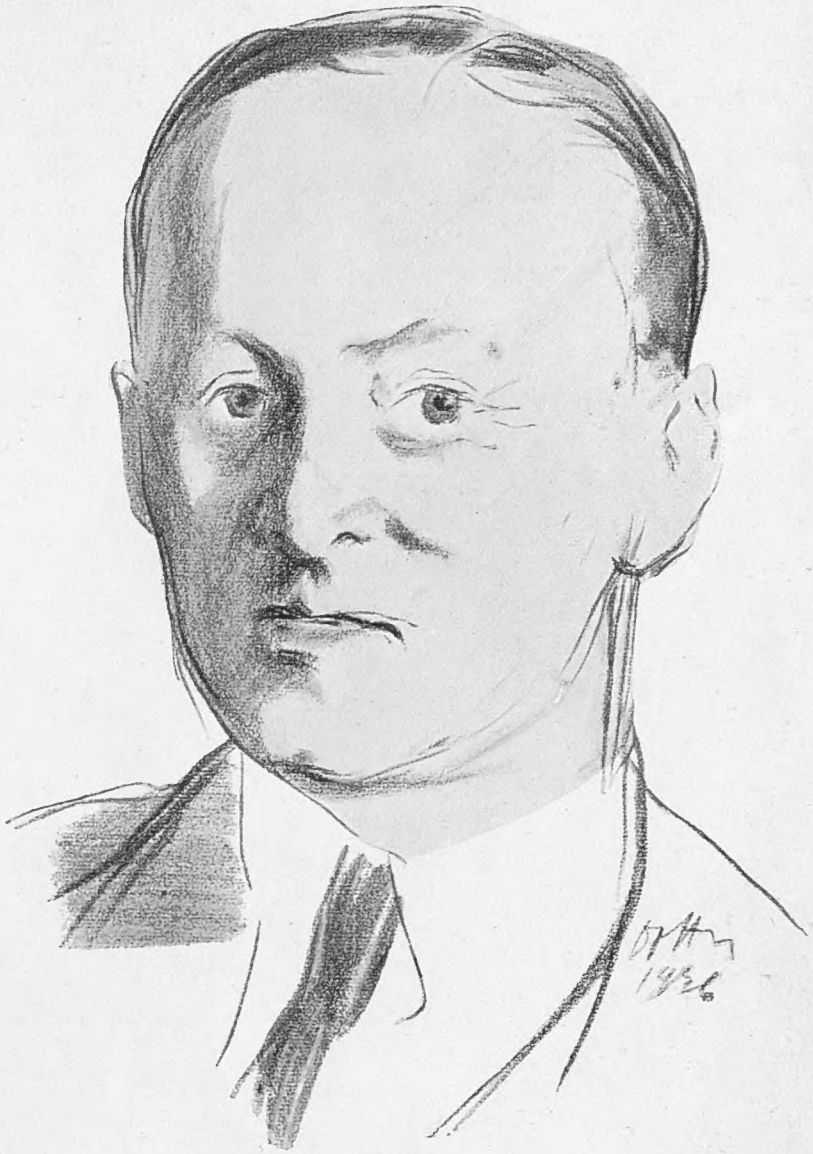
"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 18

Sir Guy Domville



SIR GUY DOMVILLE is the youngest-looking man for his years that I know. He is now forty, but with his bright blue eye, blond hair, and pink-and-white complexion he looks not much more than an undergraduate. It was before the war that he started to become a civil engineer, his father being a director of Thornycroft's. But after four years with Tillett's Destroyer Flotilla as a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. he never went back. Instead, he tried the City, with indifferent success, and went on the Stock Exchange.

From his earliest years, however, he was interested in bridge, having learnt it at the age of nine during his preparatory school holidays. It was when duplicate bridge became the vogue in this country that he started to be known as our finest contract player. For then, as now, his primary interest in bridge was as a game instead of as a money-making proposition.

Partnered by George Morris, he was in Colonel Beasley's first team chosen to represent Great Britain against the Culbertson menace, after which Ely himself told me that he considered Sir Guy far and away our best player. To-day he represents the Four Aces—Mike Gottlieb, Howard Shenken, David Bernstine, and Oswald Jacoby—over here. Recently he returned from the South of France, where, playing the Four Aces' system, his team won the Miramar Cup.

IN the course of his card-playing career he once held eleven clubs, but was not allowed to play the hand. On another occasion he had seven of one suit and six of another, and succeeded in securing a grand slam, although there were three aces out against him. He has also played bridge in Dutch, Hungarian, German, French, Italian, and American. He can therefore tell you at once that three no-trumps in Hungarian is *Haroum ohne*, and immediately understands what is meant when a French opponent says politely, "*Vous êtes une de chute.*"

Occasionally he goes to the City in the morning. Almost every afternoon you will find him in Crockford's. Though he belongs to the St. James's and the Portland, he does not often play there. He considers that Cedric Kehoe is the best English contract bridge player, and that Edward Meyer and George Morris are the finest money-players.

Sir Guy never drinks or smokes before the evening. During the war he smoked a pipe when he could get ship's tobacco, but never since. He believes that coffee is the best beverage on which to play bridge. He is very keen about motor-cars, and is always tinkering-up his most recent acquisition. He is a member of Brancaster Golf Club, but has never played there since his election. He is a very keen but poor shot. At least, however, he is safe. Every August he goes to Switzerland. He has a very charming ex-wife. He is a real cricket fan, always following Hampshire, although this county is usually very near the bottom of the list.

He is not at all artistic, but likes the sea, and is a member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. He never goes racing, never plays picquet or bezique, and only plays baccarat for fun. He has a surprised smile and all kinds of superstitions; lives in Williams Mews, Knightsbridge, and still idolises Gilbert Jessop as we all did when schoolboys.

Charles Graves

Peter North

"Jolly Good Show, Cads!"

Nelson Keys and Ivy St. Helier Take Off the Western Brothers

"The Westerners" and their "Jolly bad show, chaps, jolly bad show" give Nelson Keys and Ivy St. Helier one of their most clever and pointed impersonations and songs in the whole of *Spread It Abroad*. The Western Brothers themselves (the picture on the right really is of them) couldn't do it better. Both Mr. Keys and Miss St. Helier have a genius for impersonation and lightning caricature that makes them quite incomparable as a revue team. Nelson Keys' surreptitious Hitler and his Jack Hulbert, Ivy St. Helier's "little woman round the corner" and her Yvonne Arnaud are portraits that it would be worth sitting through any show to see. But *Spread It Abroad* is as sparkling a frame as any stars could hope for. In fact, the Saville Theatre houses as much wit and gaiety as Miss Rebecca West's new novel

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Plaster Saint

Ivor Novello is Lord George Hell, a wicked rake of the Regency days

"The Happy Hypocrite" (His Majesty's Theatre)

At such plays as *The Knight of the Burning Pestle, Lady Precious Stream,* and now the new production of *The Happy Hypocrite,* it is very usual to hear people say "I do like it, it is so different," and though this seems a queer reason for those who are presumably theatre-lovers to enjoy a play, yet, of course, they are perfectly right. Could anything be more boring than to see plays of this type every time? How one would yearn for a good comedy written about real, everyday human beings.

All this does not mean that the production at His Majesty's is anything but a very special and enjoyable affair; Clemence Dane has dealt well and truly with the idea conceived by Max Beerbohm, and if the delightful, intangible wit which is all his own is somewhat overpowered by its new gigantic surroundings, that is inevitable, and happily it can be said that his little story has not been allowed to degenerate into mawkish whimsicality; it remains a charming phantasy, with something cool and impersonal about it.

Sketches by Rouson

Hell wears a mask to cover his hideous features when attracted by Jenny Mere (Vivien Leigh), but her Arcadian love transforms him

Isabel Jeans is La Gambogi, the snake in the garden where (to mix mythologies) Mercury and Amor reign

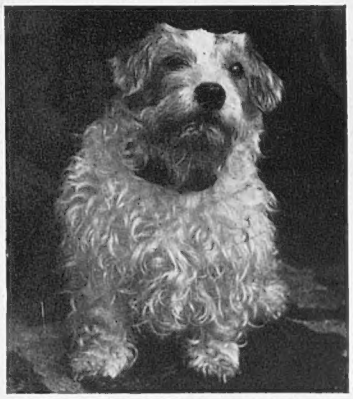
Ivor Novello, as Lord George Hell, has the difficult task of making extremes meet, first as the dissolute Regency buck, ruling the society of his time by sheer brutal force, and then as the lover who woos that artless maiden Jenny Mere (Vivien Leigh), his evil face hidden by a mask of saintly design, into whose likeness his own features eventually grow. This is supplied by Mr. Æneas, the modish mask-maker of Bond Street, who is played with so much distinction by Stafford Hilliard that it is almost permissible to imagine that he imparts some magic of his own to the masks he supplies to his distinguished customers. The scene in his shop is not only a most charming setting, but in acting and dialogue it is the best in the play.

The interpolated performance at Garble's Open Air Theatre is a decorative display of the period vaudeville show, and gives an opportunity for some attractive dancing by Vania Praagh and Hugh Laing, but the Wood in Kensington and the cottage garden are the scenes most delightful to the eye; these sylvan idylls are the apex of Motley's beautiful scheme of décor; neither design nor colour could be improved.

The only element lacking in the show is gaiety, and that is principally due to the music, which, however good it may be, is pervaded by a gentle melancholy, and the last act particularly seems to demand a more joyous note.

The two immortals, Amor and Mercury, played by Marius Goring and Cecil Harbord, are an amusing pair, with their whole-hearted interest in the affairs of these mortals. Perhaps they are impishly waiting to be tickled to death when Lord George lapses once again from virtue, for could any rake be permanently reformed so completely as he appears to be?

As La Gambogi, the jealous dancer supplanted by Jenny, Isabel Jeans has a chance for spectacular brilliance of which she avails herself with great success. The colossal task of production is in the more than capable hands of Maurice Colbourne. It must make the O.U.D.S. feel proud to think he was once one of themselves.

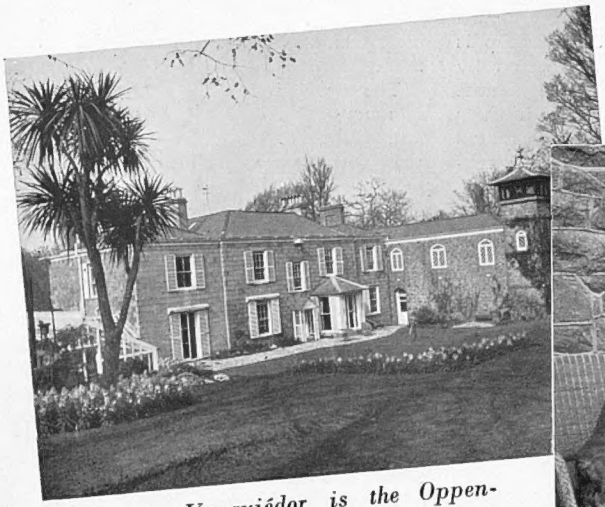


Bozo is the Family's Best Friend

PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM has left the Riviera where he lived for many years and now has a charming house called Le Vauquiédor and plays golf over the Guernsey course instead of the Cagnes one. Phillips Oppenheim is one of the most prolific, popular and richest authors in the world; he has written over a hundred and forty books, almost all thrillers, which are even more widely read in America than in England. He has just come back from a trip to Jamaica, during which he finished another full-length novel and some short stories. Two earlier works, *The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss* and *The Strange Boarders of Palace Crescent*, are being made into films. He is seventy this year; he and his wife, who is from Boston, have been married for forty-four years and have one married daughter

A Mystery-Maker in Private Life

Mr. and Mrs. E. Phillips Oppenheim at Their New Home in Guernsey



Le Vauquiédor is the Oppenheims' Attractive Guernsey House

Photographs by Baron

Mr. and Mrs. Oppenheim and Their Dogs

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"KUIGNAOUIK a kuignaouank, leiz ma sa'ch ! "—which those of our little readers who use the Breton tongue will easily recognise as meaning, very broadly, " Give us our share, damn your eyes ! " We perceive that the Breton branch of the Celtic Nation is up in arms again, having just—it appears from recent reports—tried to burn down the Prefectures of St. Brieuc, Nantes, and Quimper. And why ? Because the French Government still refuses to have the ancient Breton language taught in State schools in the province. A year or two ago Breton autonomists formally blew up the statue at Rennes of Duchess Anne, who sold Britanny to the French by marriage 400 years ago. They are (after the Irish) the only Celts who believe in making trouble for their rights.

Not so the smug and hymn-ridden Welch. Still less the foxy Cornish, and even still less the dim and dubious Manx, whose only claim to glory is a tail-less cat, God help us all. As for the Scots, they use less direct methods of self-assertion, too numerous and often too distasteful to mention. Their present aggressive autonomist movement in Edinburgh will never come to anything in its present state, if Compton Mackenzie will pardon our wet glove. What ever came of a movement crawling with poets and literary blokes ? Hardly one in ten of 'em understands Hugh McDiarmid's verse. to begin with.

If the Bretons ever put it across the Radical-Socialist politicians who infest high places in France, it will be because they not only have 500 bards and literary men, including Anatole Le Braz and Charles Le Goffic, and about 1500 native saints, but because they don't mind a bit of violence when necessary, as in the Vendée. They 're very fine fellows, and if they can keep off strong waters they may get home rule yet.

Elf

IT wasn't surprising that Ulyss Rogers, lawn-tennis critic, rubbed his eyes and asked himself the other day : " How did Gem Hoahing get into the semi-final ? " Many other spectators at the Melbury Women's Tournament were asking the same thing. This tiny little Chinese lawn-tennis player among all those enormous girls is a spectacle to make the observer hold his breath. Every minute one expects her opponent's ball to carry her away with a whoosh right back to the fairies, her real playmates. If the Melbury authorities had any sense of proportion they 'd play her against Sir James Barrie's canary, who is said to twirl a very pretty racket, made from the membranes of lost tittle-mice and strung with the heart-strings of tiny rabbits who never had a mother.

Sir James, having once skippered a cricket team called the Allahakbaris (meaning " God help us "), whose members included Conan Doyle, Maurice Hewlett, E. V. Lucas, and Harry Graham, should surely have taught his canary friend and confidant not lawn tennis but The Game Which Makes and Keeps Us What We Are (whatever we are) ? We 're not fooling. In this age of shifting values cricket needs the loyal support of all who reverence our ideals, and Mr. Brian Castor, the Essex secretary, was perfectly right the other day to denounce the infamous entertainment-tax, which shocks all devout cricket congregations. " Cricket," Mr. Castor declared to Mr. William Pollock, " is educational, and good for people." We should have put it more strongly.

" That one came away easily ! "

The Disenchanted

TRAVELLERS from the East confirm our pessimism about the new Turkey, of whose progress the triumph of the bowler hat is a fitting symbol. This ugly and ignoble hat is now worn by all the Turks except a few aged diehards in the remote provinces who stick to the fez in spite of Kemal's edict. Not that the fez is essentially Turkish—a hundred years ago they wore the turban in all its permutations and combinations—but at any rate the fez doesn't recall a wet day in Manchester.

The moon-eyed beauties have left off their yashmaks, a fatal thing to do when one considers their complexions, and the bowler hat is everywhere, crowning alike the living and the dead—you find it over every male tomb in the cemeteries. There 's only one thing worse in Turkey at the moment, it seems, and that 's the cloth cap as in Huddersfield. The bowler making it impossible to touch the ground with the forehead when at prayers (which may have been one of Kemal's intentions), the faithful prostrate themselves towards Mecca in a cap worn back to front, as by motor-cycling bloods in West Ham. Could anything be grimmer ?

Talking of Turkey, H. V. Morton told us a pleasing story the other night. On his last visit to Constantinople he was dogged everywhere by one of those touts who sell visitors postcards and other souvenirs of varying artistic and ethical appeal. The tout was a mysterious, shabby little rat, whispering " Psst ! " and gesticulating and fumbling eagerly in his breast-pocket.

Eventually Morton got tired of him and asked what the hidden treasure was. With infinite precautions the tout of Constantinople, city of the Byzantine Emperors, of four Œcumenical Councils, of the Crusaders, of glory and bloodshed, took from his pocket a little plaster bust of John Wesley.

Lèse-Majesté

RUDY VALLEE, King of America, whose crooning over the air sets every feminine bosom from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate athrob with ecstasy, apparently went berserk the other day on the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York and had a little fight with George White, producer. Mr. White rather awfully concentrated on socking the famous Vallee nose, recently remodelled by a beauty specialist in a Greek curve. Fortunately Mr. Vallee was able to defend his nose, up to the time the combatants were separated, otherwise Mr. White would undoubtedly have been torn to pieces ere now by a million indignant wives and mothers. The Vallee profile, while not so exquisitely perfect as the Novello profile, is sufficiently a poem to make the mere thought of rude hands being laid on it pretty repulsive. It 's crowned with beautiful wavy hair, or was when we saw it. We were to have been presented to Mr. Vallee, but there were no private audiences that day. Still, we shook hands with one of the chamberlains.

The whole question of hitting crooners seems to be coming slowly but surely to the front. Furious B.B.C. subscribers demand a pogrom at intervals, but we gather Sir John Reith is against this on various grounds. Violence of any kind is rather frowned on at Broadcasting House, and if (say) Esmé is petulant with Derek, or Percy slaps Cyril, or Gerald and Rupert squabble over precedence at the "mike," they are at once sent to the Mauve Rest-Room, where a psycho-analyst and a trained nurse attend to them.

"But it provides an air of novelty, Miss Sterling"

"Pilkington! Not Pilkington the airman?"

Big Medicine

NO prettier lampoon on the age could have been devised than the recent assembly of 300 British necromancers, astrologers, seers, thaumaturgists, warlocks, and other buddies of the Great Beyond, who met in solemn conference at Harrogate the other day. They now even have their own periodical, a sixpenny monthly. Dipping judiciously into the first number we observed Astrologer Naylor being pretty severe on the "charlatans and priests" from whose domination "Science has happily delivered us." Which pronouncement seemed to indicate, if you ask us, that if the astrologer boys looked up a little less and round a little more they might learn something. The two best cracks at the conference were by a Mrs. J. Norman Rhodes ("There will be much muddled thinking and no sound decisions"—prediction for June) and Miss Isobelle Pagan, who wants astrology taught to school-children "to ensure better training."

If the boys (and girls) are looking round for a patron saint for their guild, might one delicately suggest Her Trippa? Her Trippa, if you remember, is the necromancer in *Rabelais* who could infallibly foretell, by astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, metopomancy, and other arts, all things to come; being at the same time unaware that directly under his prominent nose the lackeys and footboys of the Court were romping like billy-ho with his lady wife, "passably fair and a pretty snug Hussie." No doubt modern astrologers can see a bit further, or nearer, as the case may be.

"Yes, I know, my dear, but you thought they were mushrooms, too"

Upsadaisy

A GRACEFUL and long overdue gesture on the part of a Professor of Economics in California seems worth noting. While motoring near Los Angeles with friends a few days ago he suddenly produced a bomb and blew himself and everybody to bits, just as if he were in a verse by Bentley or Harry Graham. No explanation was asked or given, but it 's obvious the Professor was sick of pretending to know about economics, and took a quick way out. Whether any of our native experts on this subject will follow his example remains to be seen. If there was some sort of a big public demand, no doubt Professor Laski would be the first to volunteer, having politely settled the question of precedence with Professor Keynes and the others. It would be about the first time those boys *have* agreed on anything, also.

The one or two economists we 've met and talked to had the same odd habit of staring into space blankly and aghast, as if the grey horror and falseness of their lives were pitilessly confronting them. It 's not a difficult racket to get into, they tell us, since nobody knows anything about it. The thing is to get an eighteen-shilling book on the subject published by somebody. The other economist boys, gnashing their teeth, then write long reviews denouncing it as empirical. This starts a big wrangle and the author is launched as an expert. A quite young girl in America published a treatise of 550 pages on Social Credit recently. On page 178 the book ended abruptly with the words : " Ah, boloney," and the rest of the space was filled with chocolates. As very few of her rivals and readers, including the critics, got far enough to discover this, you can guess that girl is laughing all over her winsome, virginal young face.

So, incidentally, was merry old John Stuart Mill, one of the Early Fathers of the science. All his economic works were written with a little actress on each knee ; hence the insouciance which has always been such a feature of the racket, and which explains that giggling you hear when passing the London School of Economics.

Cortège

OVER and above having to grapple with the usual annual spate of views of Carbis Bay (Sunset), Major-General Sir Rollo Chokesmith, K.C.B., Highland cattle, and near-nudes with art teapots, the Hanging Committee for this year's Academy are likely, a bitter artist tells us, to be faced with worse troubles. A group who feel that the Hanging Committee ought to be abolished in the name of humanity and progress are likely to demonstrate. They want Mrs. Van der Elst to come along, execution engagements permitting, with her procession of vans with loud-speakers playing " Abide With Me " and a long file of sandwichmen bearing boards inscribed : " Stop This Terrible Hanging of Lousy Pictures ! " If this can be arranged they foresee only one difficulty : the average street mob is so quick and intelligent that it 'll probably think it 's a demonstration in favour of hanging the Hanging Committee, which may lead to a lot of skylarking and vulgarity. Personally we can't see the mob caring a hoot either way, bless its big, handsome face.

Tail-piece

WE wonder what your feelings were on finding a cricketer's obituary the other day on *The Times'* Entertainments Page ? Pretty hot and cold you went, we bet. Like opening Volume I. of *The Life of W. G. Grace* and finding a lot of French pictures in it—that 's how it affected us.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" My dear — don't you simply adore Brahms ? "

Films of the Day

All the World's a Screen

By George Campbell

THE playwright's life is not an easy one. Leading ladies are apt to be so tiresome, critics practically half-witted, the public unable to recognise a good thing when they see it. But there is one great compensation. No matter how badly his new play flops, the dramatist can always console himself with hopes of selling it to the screen. Anything, he tells you, is good enough to make a movie. *His* play, in fact, is a jolly sight too good: Hollywood (or Elstree) won't understand it. "But after all, old boy, an artist has to live. Harry—two more champagne cocktails!"

THE truth, I suggest, is rather different. So different, indeed, that few playwrights care to face it. Leaving isolated masterpieces like *Saint Joan* and *Cyrano* out of the question, the plain fact is that the average story told on the screen is immeasurably superior to the average play—richer in invention, wit, action and (to use a handy word beloved of modern dramatists) guts. It is a poor week that does not bring at least two new pictures worth seeing. I doubt if the West End sees ten good new plays a year—and if any dramatic critic cares to contest this estimate, let him just consult his own cutting book, and see how often he has confessed to an evening's enjoyment.

He may, of course, try to wriggle; he may plead that the theatre has a higher standard than the screen; but the bluff won't work. If the argument were sound, how is it that the most alert, intelligent people of our generation are becoming increasingly film-minded? How is it that outstanding writers in the theatre are merely so-so when they match their wits against the best scenario writers? How is it that play after play runs a year on the stage, is hailed as brilliant, is transferred to the screen—and is instantly recognised for the sham it always was?

TAKE *The Improper Duchess*. The play, by James Bernard Fagan, was produced at the Globe on January 22nd, 1931, and ran 348 nights. It was hailed as audacious, sparkling, witty: if Congreve or Wycherley, Molière or Sheridan himself had returned from the grave, the notices could hardly have been more lyrical. Well, now it has been transferred to the screen. Very faithfully, with Yvonne Arnaud playing the same rôle, and Hugh Wakefield, a gifted farceur, as the king, and a cast which is probably at least as good as the one that functioned at the Globe.

What is the result? One hour and eighteen minutes of sheer boredom. I admit that the adaptation is clumsy—that the stage play has been thrown on to the screen in great chunks of almost meaningless verbosity, without any attempt to inject life, movement, pictorial wit. But that is also a criticism of the original, an admission that work regarded on the stage as workmanlike, even brilliant, is seen to be thin, empty and lifeless when subjected to closer scrutiny on the screen. Just as actresses accepted as beauties on the stage cannot face the camera's bright light and close-ups, so there is nothing like the screen for revealing unreality and humbug in a book or a play.

"THEN why," you may ask, "do film-producers buy so many plays, and pay so much money for them?"

The reasons are three: (1) The publicity already won by a stage play is useful, or supposed to be; (2) film-producers, like other men, find it easier to visualise situations and characters when the story is actually enacted on the stage than they do when the same situations and characters are merely represented by words on paper; and (3) the film-producer only buys an idea or a theme, anyway. In nine cases out of ten he brings in some experienced scenario writer, or team of scenario writers, to do the rest. It is their job to round off the portraits, invent incident, and generally develop three or four situations, artificially divided—to provide the players with time to change, and the audience with time to have a drink—into a flowing narrative about real and entertaining people. Authors complain, sometimes with justice, that their book or play has been misunderstood, distorted, and spoiled. When, as also often happens, the story is improved out of recognition by the treatment of a Ben Hecht or a Donald Ogden Stewart, do they complain? No, they graciously accept congratulations at the première on this or that dramatic turn and witty twist that surprised nobody more than themselves.

Sydney Howard as Cromwell

Sydney Howard's new film is called "Fame," and gives him the part of a provincial shop-walker who goes on the films because he's won a competition entitling him to act Cromwell. It's a Herbert Wilcox production, with Leslie Hiscott as director, and started its run at the Paramount, Tottenham Court Road, on Monday

Barbara Greene—a New Star

Last year Barbara Greene was the star pupil of the R.A.D.A., this year she's the star of "Wedding Group," with Fay Compton (as Florence Nightingale), Patrick Knowles and Alastair Sim as co-players. The film, which Leslie Landau directed, had a première in aid of the British Red Cross Society at the Rialto last week

PLEASE don't misunderstand me. There are still first-rate writers expressing themselves in the theatre. May they flourish. But the theatre—outside small groups of amateurs and repertory societies generally existing on tuition fees, subscriptions, gifts, anything rather than money paid at the box-office to see plays—is, on the whole, less keen, less vital, less experimental than the screen. And ludicrously complacent. When the history of the early twentieth century comes to be written from the standpoint of the twenty-first, I fully expect that D. W. Griffith and Chaplin and Walt Disney will have a chapter. How many dramatists will have a line? Didn't Mr. Shaw himself suggest that his biography might one day be written in a footnote: "SHAW, G. B.: Subject of a bust by Rodin. Otherwise unknown."

Norman Parkinson

Bride and Bridesmaids: Miss Helen Trefusis and the Paget Twins

Miss Helen Trefusis is being married next month, "defying superstition," as they say of May brides; her fiancé is Simon Whitbread, son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitbread, of Southill, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, and they have chosen St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for their wedding. The Paget twins, Celia Mary and Mamaine, Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget's nieces, are going to be two of the four pale-blue-muslin-dressed bridesmaids. Helen Trefusis was a debutante last year; she is the only child of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Trefusis, and a niece of Lord Clinton. Her parents have a flat in London and a house near Ajaccio, in Corsica

Sportfolio

Welcome, All-India

At the Hotel Victoria the Royal Empire Society gave a luncheon to the All-India cricketers, who play their first match at Gravesend to-day. Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagram, the captain, is between Sir Archibald Weigall (left) and Lord Hailsham, who was in the chair

Sasha

Themselves—and by Webster

Tom Webster and Henry Horne gave a luncheon to famous sportsmen before Webster's "Cavalcade of Sport" went to decorate the R.M.S. Queen Mary. Above is Jack Anthony, standing by his picture; two more caricatured guests (left) were Lord Westmorland and Sir Harry Preston

Below, left: the King of Sweden was playing on the Racing Club courts in the Bois de Boulogne. Below, right: Miss Fry was playing in the North London Hard Courts Championship, won eventually by Miss Anne Page (U.S.A.)

The Graceful Game of Tennis

Fishing in Ireland

Captain Anthony Crossley, the Member for Oldham since 1931, has just gaffed his catch and is returning to the bank; he was fishing the River Blackwater, near Fermoy, County Cork

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides on the Affairs of the Day

By A. G. Macdonell

So there is to be an increase in our income tax after all; but it is such a small increase—a minnow of an increase compared with some of the sharks of the war-days—that taxpayers are leaning back, mopping their brows with relief, and almost managing a smile. It is a commentary on modern taxation, by the way, that a threepenny raise (if I may use a poker metaphor) is looked upon as a comparatively trivial affair. During the South African War, when I was a curly-haired child in Fauntleroy velvets, a belt, and buckled shoes, I distinctly remember my father's consternation and incredulity on hearing that income tax was going to be raised from one shilling and a penny to one shilling and twopence. The dizzy leaps during the war up to six shillings finished all that sort of thing for ever.

This year's Budget must surely be one of the dullest on record. Certainly it has caused the least enthusiasm and the least opposition of any of recent years. The Left Wing in the House will, of course, fight vehemently against the twopence increase of the duty on tea, and the motoring interests will kick up their usual hullabaloo about the usual "raid" on the Road Fund, but apart from these two there seems to be little to cause acute controversy.

The motoring interests have a pretty strong case for their hullabaloo. After all, the motorist is quite heavily taxed. There is a horse-power tax, a tax on petrol, and, so far as I remember, a tax on oil. And if he wants to buy a foreign car, there is a heavy tax on that as well. The consolatory argument of the Treasury was that the money from the horse-power tax would be used for the provision of nice roads for the dear little fellow to play on. But nowadays it is almost a recognised custom for Chancellor after Chancellor to seize millions out of the Fund and then to stand up to be patted on the back for balancing his Budget. The motorist's argument is that if the money was spent as it was intended that it should be spent, on improving roads, smoothing sharp corners, roughening skiddy surfaces, widening, etc., there would be fewer accidents. However, I fancy that Mr. Chamberlain will not pay much attention to the motorists, but will concentrate upon their Fund.

The Italian advance on Addis Ababa continues, and the capital may well have fallen by the time these words appear in print. Marshal Badoglio is coming down like a wolf on the ass, his cohorts all gleaming with poison and gas, if I may paraphrase a famous couplet, and Graziani is striking up through the Ogaden. What will happen when the capital falls? The answer to that question appears to me to depend upon one factor only. When Napoleon captured Moscow in 1812, it was the determination of Tsar Alexander not to give in, and it was his personal influence over his followers that prevented them from despairing, which led to the ultimate victory. In just the same way, if Haile Selassie withdraws to the mountains, and can persuade his followers not to lose heart but to withdraw with him and wait for the rains, he still may save his Empire. But if Signor Mussolini can follow up his military triumphs with diplomatic success and can induce a sufficient number of the defeated Abyssinians to submit to the conqueror, he still may save Italy.

And what of the League through all this? The Council has met and passed a resolution which says in effect: "We realise that our efforts at conciliation have failed. We once more implore Italy to stop fighting. We don't think either country ought to use gas. And we intend to go on with the Sanctions that are now being applied."

Having passed this world-shaking thunderclap of a resolution, the delegates packed their little sponge-bags and returned, each to his respective home. It is small wonder that the result of the session has been received in Rome with enthusiasm. The only fly in the Italian ointment is that the Council did not withdraw the original resolution by which Italy was declared the aggressor!

The League's Secretary-General at Home

M. Josef Avenol has a private villa, La Pelouse, next door to the new Palace of Peace at Geneva. There he can sit in the sun on the terrace when he isn't busy administering the League's two-million-pound expenditure, working out agendas and arranging or attending meetings

It is hardly necessary to add that none of these proceedings are being missed in Berlin, and I fancy that General Göring must find it difficult to get his proper night's rest for laughter. "If Italy can get away with it," the General must be saying to himself between his giggles in the small hours, "with her limited material resources, think what we shall be able to get away with."

THAT indefatigable body, the League of Nations Union, refuses to be downhearted by the miserable way in which certain of the Governments which constitute the League's Council will not carry out their obligations. The Union goes on hammering away, and it is taking the Albert Hall once again in order that the noise of the hammers may clang as far and as wide as possible. The date is May 8th, and Lord Cecil, doyen of the Union's corps, is in the chair, with the Earl of Lytton as Chief Hammerer. The leaflet advertising the meeting is headed, "Stop War in Abyssinia and Prevent War in Western Europe." That is the stuff. The two crises are very closely interwoven, and the sooner people realise that if we do not stop the one, through the League, we shall not prevent the other, by any means, the better for all of us.

Mme. Lotte Lehmann

Gave her only recital last night (April 28th), at the Queen's Hall. She sang at Covent Garden in 1934 and 1935, but has not been engaged this year. She is going on to Vienna for the opera season next month, and then to Salzburg

THE second volume of Mr. Duff Cooper's biography of Haig is due to appear at any moment, and connoisseurs of the art of defence are eagerly looking forward to see what the counsel for the defence—for that is to some extent the rôle which Mr. Cooper has assumed—will make of the Passchendaele débâcle. In the meanwhile, a slashing attack on Haig has just appeared in a lively, unconventional, vehement book by Major-General Fuller. This officer was one of the earliest advocates of the tank, and he played a large part in the organisation and ultimate success of the tank attacks on the Western Front. Throughout the long struggle for recognition of the tank as a powerful weapon, Haig was stubborn at the head of the unbelievers. "I considered him," writes the Major-General in one of his least virulent passages, "the most unimaginative and unseeing of generals who have ever commanded a British Army, a man whose Stone Age ideas I fought tooth and nail . . ." This is rather a harsh saying when one begins to think of some of the men who *have* commanded British armies, the famous Duke of York, for instance, or the Crimean platoon, or Clinton and Howe of the American war, or Sir Redvers Buller, and many another well-intentioned but muddle-headed warrior. After reading this book, I am more than ever impatient for Mr. Cooper's second volume.

"Am I Keeping You Up?"

A nice cuddlesome picture of the Petersen-McAvoy fight in the new Stadium at Earl's Court. The B.B.C. commentators enjoyed it immensely, and seemed puzzled by the crowd's ironical applause

IT is rather curious to find Turkey coming forward with the almost self-conscious smirk of a schoolboy who knows that he, alone of all his class, is behaving with absolute correctitude. While on all sides Dictators are tearing up solemn obligations, are trampling on treaties, are playing with lighted matches in a petrol-tank, the Turk has made his plea for a revision of the Dardanelles Convention in perfect diplomatic style. Instead of simply marching into Gallipoli and beginning at once to refortify the de-militarised zone, the Turkish Government has suggested a Conference of the interested Powers to consider the whole question of the Straits. The immediate welcome which Mr. Eden gave to this suggestion has created a very good impression in Turkey. It is good news to hear that a considerable pro-British feeling is rapidly appearing in that country, and that the violent hatred which was caused by our victories in Palestine and Mesopotamia, by the terror of the redoubtable Lawrence, by our support of Greece in the war of 1920-21, and by Lord Curzon's somewhat superior attitude at Lausanne in 1923, has at last abated. As a concrete result of this, we find the Angora Government supporting the British stand for sanctions against Italy, and generally letting it be known that it agrees with our policy about the Rhineland. This latter is particularly significant when one remembers how completely Constantinople was dominated by Berlin before the war.

AS we go to press, telegrams arrive from the Continent with the news that yet another treaty has gone west. Austria has broken the Treaty of St. Germain by calling up 50,000 conscripts to the colours. A conscription-law was introduced some little time ago into Austria, and was the subject of strong protests from the Little Entente. The Chancellor of Austria explained soothingly that when the law said conscription it did not mean conscription. It only meant that the country would call men to the colours in case of national emergency. That was exactly one month ago! Dictators have an astonishingly consistent record in these days of making a solemn promise on Monday, breaking it on Tuesday, denying on Wednesday that anything has been broken, declaring on Thursday that everybody else's rascality made it necessary to break the promise, on Friday stoutly swearing that they don't care anyway what the world thinks of them, on Saturday shouting that they never made a promise anyway, and on Sunday making a new promise. Austria has just completed Tuesday's schedule in the approved style.

I WONDER what Sir Austen Chamberlain's report on Central Europe will be. For presumably that immensely influential Elder Statesman has not been visiting every important politician in Austria and every important statesman (I use the different word on purpose) in Czechoslovakia, simply to admire the beauties of those beautiful countries. No better or wiser observer of the old generation could possibly be on the spot at this alarmingly critical moment.

THE American Walker Cup team has been chosen, and the captain of it is our old and popular friend, Mr. Francis Ouimet. In order to get the thing off my chest (because we all shall have to get it over sooner or later), I will now choose my Walker Cup side to play against them: E. F. Storey (captain), Dr. W. Tweddell, Hector Thomson, Jack Maclean, R. S. Walker, Eric McRuvie, L. G. Crawley, L. O. Munn. There!

Mrs. Ernest Simpson (left) was in a party with Lieut.-Col. M. F. Scanlon, the Assistant Military Attaché at the American Embassy, Mr. Rowley Byers, and Mrs. Scanlon

Mr. Ralph Assheton, M.P., had supper with the Roland Robinsons, Mrs. Robinson wearing a half-wreath of daffodils in her fair hair

Supper Twos and Threes

Quaglino's Opening Night

Photographs by Swaebe

Sir Roderick and Lady Jones

QUAGLINO'S opening night last week was a marked date in the engagement books of more people than the restaurant would hold without an overflow. Sir Roderick and Lady Jones (he is chairman of Reuter's) made an interesting break in the ranks of the late-night regulars. Miss Paravicini, her engaged brother and his fiancée, Constance Duchess of Westminster and her husband, Captain Fitzpatrick Lewis, were all at the same table. The Douglas Fairbanks, back in London after their marriage and honeymoon, were host and hostess to another party

Lord Portarlington and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

The Hon. Simon Vereker, Miss Livia Paravicini and Capt. Lewis

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

Two French bulldogs wore leopard-skin coats at the R.A.F. point-to-point at Kimble on the 18th. Their owner wore a coat and hat of the same animal. Quite a good "four-piece."

One fair spectator, watching the races from the roof of her car, wore riding breeches, a mannish tweed jacket and a completely Tyrolean green felt hat with a question-mark feather waving in the breeze.

Marches With the Course

THE fine (though cold) weather accounted for the numerous hatless young women, marking one vast difference between a "P.-to-P." and any ordinary race meeting.

We admired the Honourable Mrs. Cripps' lovely ocelot coat, and her husband's extremely picturesque garb, tweed cloak, leather "jerkin" and all.

His stepson, Mr. R. M. Rowley, was down to ride Douglas in the four o'clock race, but, alas! we were cold and had left by then; not, however, before a "heart-to-heart" with Mr. Ralph Hanké, out and about all over London, and never out of the saddle in his spare time; and not before we had espied the lovely Mrs. Charles Walsh, whose country seat, Waldridge Manor, "marches" with the Kimble course.

Racing at Epsom

The fur-coated couple at the top are Lady Durham and the Duchess of Roxburghe. Below them are Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Miss Jeanne Stourton. Snow-showers saw to it that the Epsom Spring Meeting wasn't the moment to bring out light spring suits

Engaged Couple

Miss Liza Maugham and Mr. Vincent Paravicini were at Quaglino's the evening after their engagement was announced. He is the only son of the Swiss Minister, M. Charles Paravicini, and she is the only child of Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mrs. Syrie Maugham

Lady Stanley of Alderley, who working in a shop, was in a Charles Birkin, and M. and

Precious Few Sable Coats

A BAD cold, several good parties, and an interesting wedding got in the way of our getting to Newmarket for the last meeting.

Despite the reports of a usually reliable chronicler, we can hardly credit that there were as many sable coats as she would have us believe. The truth is that many poor journalists who have to be content with "shaved rabbit" or "imitation cow" cannot differentiate between sable and mink.

There are precious few sable coats in London; a short cape or a two-skin tie are about all even the most affluent can afford. Good mink coats, on the other hand, abound, and we envy their owners on the race-course, lunching at the Ritz, or wherever they may be.

Money Back, Please

WE are glad to hear of the recovery of that popular star, Gertrude Lawrence, after a tiresome attack of laryngitis.

There is no understudy for such a personality as "Gee," and Mr. Coward wisely shut up the theatre while she was ill. However good her substitute might be, we would want our money back. Wouldn't you?

That clever and beautiful young actress, Mercia Swinburne, has been laid up all this year with a broken leg, thanks to a motor accident on New Year's Eve (what bad luck!), and Mr. Michael Portman ("Winkie") is slowly recovering from a bad smash-up on the Great West Road about six weeks ago.

We hear that he broke an uncountable number of bones and was extremely lucky not to have been killed.

The accident occurred through one of those lorries that crawl along country roads in the dark, lit only by a partly concealed night-light tucked away in some obscure spot at the derrière of the vehicle.

A Bachelor Girl's Flat

Two popular ex-debs are setting up house in that famous bachelor flat in Brook Street that so many now-married young men occupied in their days of freedom: Miss Nancy Malcolmson, who is fair and slim and whose parents recently gave up their London house, and the Hon. Joyce Wingfield, tall and dark and handsome. They returned recently from a trip to the States, where they stayed part of the time with the Maurice Bridgemans.

Naïveté and Charm

INDEFATIGABLE fans of "Charlie of the Ritz" were there in force to welcome him on his return from Monte Carlo last Monday. There is a certain naïveté

is now living in London and foursome party with Mr. Mme. Vladimir Provatoroff

In another party at the Ritz, sitting under one of the magnolia-trees, were Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux, and Mr. Nigel Seely, Sir Hugh Seely's youngest brother

First Extension Night of the Season at the Ritz *Swaebe*

Country Wedding

Miss Anne Faudel-Phillips, daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Faudel-Phillips, of Balls Park, Hertford, and Mr. John Vincent Sheffield were married at All Saints', Hertford. John Sheffield is Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield's youngest son

London Wedding

Mr. Christopher Hussey, only son of the late Major William Hussey, and Mrs. Hussey, of 13, Cadogan Square, and Miss Betty Kerr-Smiley, only daughter of Major Peter Kerr-Smiley, and Mrs. Kerr-Smiley, of 39, Eaton Place, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lady Monsell lent Admiralty House for the reception

about this charming Austrian that endears him to London audiences, and he sings his native Viennese waltz-songs with great natural gaiety and charm.

Mrs. Jock Hanbury, who was there with her husband that night, has a divine figure and dances beautifully. She goes in for a neat, sleek type of hairdressing that we find most attractive.

In a large party by the door we saw the Gordon Claridges, Amber Orr-Wilson, Sydney Emmanuel and his child-like wife, who has recently been blessed-eventing; as indeed, have pretty Mrs. John Bealey and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, who has presented the famous conductor with a son and heir.

A Wine "Merchantess"

It was at a luncheon-party at Barbara Back's the other day that we encountered that charming person Lady Dunn. We so admired the simplicity of her dark-blue clothes. She has a divine smile, and the most natural, unaffected manners in the world. Mr. Somerset Maugham, Mr. Beverley Nichols, and Miss G. B. Stern lent a literary flavour to this party; Heather Thatcher, looking fitter and more sunburnt even than usual; amusing Teddie Thompson, who has become a wine merchantess, the Gerald Kellys and the Frere Reeves were among others renouncing sensible diets in favour of the hostess's famous kedgeree.

Ever-Changing Décor

Good restaurateurs are always restless-minded about the décor of their establishments. Long before their clientèle are aware that the floor or the walls or the ceiling need changing, drastic and extravagant alterations occur.

The Quaglino Brothers have now installed a wonderful brass and copper dancing floor, a changing spot-light in the ceiling, and a "surprise" Swiss village scene at the near end of the room.

There was a grand opening night there on Tuesday last, late-comers pleading for *any* table, and important personages having to content themselves with the far end of the wrong end of the room.

The Countess of Haddington, in a white dress and red velvet coat, was definitely the most beautiful woman we saw that night; Miss Mona Maris, another dark "lovely," was dining with the Hon. Loel Guinness; the Earl and Countess of Hardwick arrived late, she in a very good dark-blue lace dress.

Enviable Aquamarines

The newly-married Douglas Fairbanks gave an enormous party at a very long table, their guests including the Plunkets, the Portarlingtons, Eddie Tatham, and the Leonard Govetts.

Lord and Lady Bridport were at another table, she wearing a plain black satin dress that accentuated her blonde good looks, and those nice American Hamiltons, just back again from New York, were also there.

Peter Koch de Gooreynd and his pretty wife were another couple who caught our eye. We envied her sable cape and entire "set" of large aquamarines, ring, bracelets and divine clip. He, though quite young, is "a man of affairs," and has many and varied business interests. The de Gooreynd mansion in Belgium is a lovely house inherited by Peter, the third son, as he was the only one lucky enough to be born there.

The Duchess's Kind Heart

Frank Rediker, that nice American who visits London pretty often (but not enough), told us a delightful story the other day that illustrates the kind-heartedness of the Duchess of Kent.

It was on the train from Munich to Paris, and a little girl was lifted into the train by the guard while her mother bent down to collect some packages. The train started and the mother and child were separated, much to the little girl's alarm.

The Duchess comforted her, talking to her in perfect German, and took care of her until the train reached Augsburg, where she got out to await her mother's arrival. A typical instance of the Duchess's real kindness and concern for a frightened little child.

MISS PEEPS

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Lady Jane FitzRoy Is Engaged

The official announcement was made last week of Lady Jane FitzRoy's engagement to Eustace John Blois Nelson, Grenadier Guards. She is the Duke of Grafton's elder sister, is twenty this year, and came out in 1934. Her mother is Viscountess Ipswich; her father, son of the eighth Duke, was killed in the war. Mr. Nelson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland H. Nelson, of 3, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1. Lady Jane FitzRoy's younger sister, Mary Rose, is one of this year's debutantes; her brother, who came down from Cambridge last year, came of age in August

Reflected Foreground, Background of Clipped Yews

They've a Lake and a Speed-Boat

Young-Marrieds At Home

Lord and Lady Doverdale at Westwood Park, Worcs.

Photographs by Swaebe

Westwood House is Near Droitwich

WHEN the late Lord Doverdale died last year, his only son succeeded to a very lovely house and about five thousand acres of land in Worcestershire as well as to the title. Westwood Park is near Droitwich and has some good shooting as well as a lake in the park big enough for speed-boating. Lord Doverdale, who is thirty-two, is the third baron; his grandfather, the first baron, was a paper-making magnate, his father was an M.P. for thirteen years, and a member of the Royal Commission on Paper during the war. Lady Doverdale was Audrey Pointing before her marriage in 1933. She and her husband have a house in London—in Hertford Street. Lord Doverdale's only sister, the Hon. Aline Partington, announced her engagement to Captain Kenneth Hogg a few weeks ago

"Bystander" Short Story No. 35

Mightier Than the Sword

By Milward Kennedy

"You can take it from me," said my new and casual acquaintance, and paused to stare at his empty glass.

The barman misunderstood. He took the glass and looked at me; perhaps I nodded; anyhow, it was evident that two more drinks were "on" me.

"You can take it from me," he repeated, his face brightening at the tinkle of ice, "that the armaments people—'Death Traffickers,' don't they call 'em?—don't have it all their own way. I ought to know: I've travelled in tanks."

Sketch by Clark Fay

"'You can take it from me,' he said, his face brightening at the tinkle of ice"

I showed my surprise.

"Travelled in 'em—sold 'em," he said impatiently. "Here's how." The last words had nothing to do with his explanation.

"One of the big firms?" I hazarded, mindful of his shabby appearance. He laughed.

"Lord, no! All I did was to sell cast-offs to Dagoes—South or Central Americans. Sometimes I hardly knew what Government I was selling to—if any."

I murmured that I was weak on geography myself.

"I didn't mean that," he said, with another laugh, "though some commercial travellers—why, I once met a fat little Englishman in Spain who represented three oil companies but could never remember the names of more than two. No: what I meant was that when a couple of Central American Governments start a war, or one of 'em starts a revolution, the chances are that they don't mind sharing out the arms, just to keep the show going. The people who invent the wars get the doings; and the people that pay and perish don't count. And that, of course, gives the honest broker his chance."

"I WAS travelling in lots of things," he went on, smiling at the retrospect. "I'd a scheme for colonising a bit of country that looked just lovely on the map with Armenians who had somehow got adrift from the Ottoman Empire. That brought in a sideline in tractors and motor-buses. I'd a line in stone-ginger that wasn't likely to do anyone much good. And I'd some lovely samples of jokes and novelties—tie-pins that squirt water, and rings that, when you hold 'em up to the light, show you a lovely girl as nature might have made her. You know the sort of thing. And when the war came along I naturally opened up a fresh line in what you might call hardware and saltpetre.

"And very nicely I did, till my jokes and novelties got the better of me. If I could have got rifles and bombs, and that from real, reputable firms, I'd have been in clover. As it was, I did pretty well."

He beamed at a request for explanations.

"I hit on a new idea—or maybe it was just a local adaptation. I got one side to sell its armaments to the other, and vice versâ. Oh, much easier than you'd think. The only difficulty is knowing when to clear out. In the end, you see, there's someone left minding the baby: and how's he to make a profit? Up to a point, you can bring him in on the ground floor in the next deal—what he loses on the tanks he buys, he makes up on the hand-grenades he sells. The trouble comes when there isn't a next deal, when there's a ghastly outbreak of peace. That's when you have to stand away from under.

"Oh, I was doing nicely. Not much competition, either—the big firms take themselves so seriously. Their howitzers are too high grade; they can't bear to sell 'em to chaps that will mishandle 'em. 'No business with a man you can't respect'—that's their line. What's more, my tractors and stone-ginger and even the novelties—those rings were grand for the morale of the troops—all came in useful. Yes, I was living up to the new ideal of the U.S.A.—I was taking the profits out of war right enough. And then——"

I BEGGED him to continue.

"All was going fine when I ran up against a General, as he was called, that didn't seem to take to me. I think he was a genuine militarist. Wanted to win the war by old-fashioned methods. Grim—that's what he was.

"I reckoned that if I could make him laugh I'd get him. So I ran out my very best novelties. It was the lighted cigar that did it. It was so life-like you could almost smell it, and I put it down on a case of dynamite, or something like that, while the General was interviewing me. And I got him to discover it there as neatly as a slap-up conjuror gets you to draw the ace of spades."

He finished his drink.

"You can take it from me," he said, and again the barman took this as his cue, though I'll swear that this time I did not nod.

"You can take it from me I'd got that General wrong. He was even more the man of action—'deeds, not words'—than I had realised.

(Concluded on page 194)

Howard Coster

Rex Whistler — Georgian of What Century?

This busy young artist and designer, who is commissioned to illustrate or adorn almost every type of twentieth-century activity, moves his brush so constantly to the pattern of another age as to seem only by an odd chance a modern at all. The formal rusticity of the late eighteenth century and the fashionable urban romanticism of the early nineteenth revive themselves as a refreshing and disciplined originality in Rex Whistler's hands. His work for the theatre and his book-jackets have made his name popularly known. The charming scenery and dresses for *Pride and Prejudice* are his; his sets for *Victoria Regina* made New York chatter about him; *Figaro* and *The Rake's Progress* at Sadler's Wells are two more examples. Among the innumerable books he has illustrated or overcoated are Beverley Nichols' garden series, and Vincent Sheean's new novel about Naples in 1799. He drew the Post Office's Valentine card for 1936; he has painted murals and posters; has exhibited at the Academy; has a picture in the Tate Gallery; was at school at Haileybury, studied art in Rome, and is thirty-one this year

Three Pictures from the Paris Salon, 1936

A Characteristic Domergue

Leslie Hore-Belisha, by Berrie

A Studio Scene, by Matossy

Mightier Than the Sword

(Continued from page 192)

" He stamped on that cigar till there was only my word for it that it was papier maché—and it was me for the dungeon, with ugly talk about firing-parties at dawn. Spy-mad he was. He confiscated all my property, too, and the only decent thing he did was, in the best spy tradition, to send a stool-pigeon to get my secrets out of me before I died. Stool-pigeon ? Turtle-dove would be better : she was a gorgeous girl.

" The General thought everything of her, too, so you can see how he put duty first. He wasn't so young, and in those days I wasn't so old ; I reckon I learnt more about the General than he did about me. I wish I could remember that girl's name. She promised to fix my get-away ; and that wasn't all. She let out that the old boy was set on having a real decisive battle—and one that would be the death of the war.

" It was going to be a Sedan, with him the King of Prussia. All tactics and strategy. You can see how bad that was for me. The war would be over, in the cheapest way, and the General wouldn't be the only one who 'd have a grudge against me : and there was I, in lock-up. A get-away wasn't enough ; I 'd got to upset the General's strategy too. Super-spy stuff, but—I did it.

" Here 's how," he said, raising his glass.

" WHERE was I ? " he asked, after an interval : he had clearly lost the thread of his conversation.

" How you foiled the General," I prompted.

" Oh, yes. I admit that it was rather an accident. It was like this. The old boy was so shaken by his belief that I was a spy and that there might be others running round, that he 'd taken tremendous precautions. All his operation orders he sent out in code and sealed packets. Even if I 'd got hold of a bunch I 'd have been no better off ; ciphers and codes may be all right for Sherlock Holmes, but for plain, honest business-men . . . And then he was going to have a second despatch, or round robin, telling his sub-generals when to open their sealed orders and how to read 'em. Naturally, there 'd be very little interval between the time of the second post and the time of action : so how the blazes could I put in my spoke ?

" Well, that girl got me one of those second deliveries, the day they went out : which was the day I got out—while the girl was in attendance on the General. Written by the old boy in his own hand. All I could do was to leg it as fast as I could for the other side—though I knew I couldn't do it in time. But it didn't matter, and that same evening I knew it didn't matter ; for the General had used the fountain-pen which he 'd pinched from me.

" You can ta——," he began. I hurriedly interrupted him, saying that I did not understand. What was this about a fountain-pen, and how did he know that the General had used it ?

" Why, it was one of my jokes, that pen," he was kind enough to explain. " Or, rather, the ink. Guaranteed to fade out completely in twenty-four hours. So the sub-generals got blank pieces of paper, and must have been nearly as mad as the General. At the same time, I knew quite a lot about the General's dispositions (she was a lovely girl), and my new friends had quite a pretty victory—not too decisive, and very expensive in fireworks. And naturally, they thought the world of me."

He sighed.

" They captured the General's head-quarters—but he got away. And he took the girl with him. But that wasn't the trouble. My new pals were too darned civilised ; and what with that and with me wanting a good excuse to slip away before peace came and accounts were squared up all round, I took my pay for services rendered in the form of a cheque on a sound bank *not* in the war zone."

He sighed again.

" And that was the way I lost my money as well as the girl."

" A dud cheque ? " I asked.

" No, not exactly. It was that blasted ink again. That, and the pen being the kind of pen no General on either side could resist. I looked all sorts of fool when I tried to cash in on a cheque that was just too blank for words or figures. And by that time peace *had* broken out—and I had to cut my losses."

He paused, and laughed again.

" Just a shade *too* funny, that ink. I 've got a penful of it here—but not the kind that keeps you guessing all day. This sort fades in five minutes. Looks like ordinary ink when you use it, but—here, I 'll show you."

He produced a very handsome-looking pen, borrowed a piece of paper from the barman, and scribbled on it, " The pen is mightier than the sword."

" Five minutes," he said. " Keep your eye on it. And hold the pen. Here, stick it in your pocket " (he lodged it in my waistcoat for me). " George, two more," he said to the barman. " I 'll be back——"

THE barman and I talked desultorily. Queer chap, we agreed ; neither of us had set eyes on him before. Nor have I ever set eyes on him again, though I still possess his shilling's-worth of fountain-pen, filled with perfectly normal ink. I imagine that it was when he put the pen in my pocket that he pinched my pocket-book. Luckily, I had just enough change to pay for the drinks, including the two which he so kindly ordered for me and the barman.

THE END.

Dawn

A Camera Study by Norman Parkinson

Shakespeare's Most Elemental Tragedy: "King Lear" at

A Masterpiece of Production by Komisarjevsky

The great theatrical event of last week—of many weeks—took place not in London but at Stratford-on-Avon, when Komisarjevsky's production of *King Lear* had its first performance. Hitherto he has made theatrical history at the Festival by doing things with Shakespeare that had never been done before and might never be done again: provocative, brilliant, original, unorthodox. This year he has done what every producer in his heart would wish to do—produced pure Shakespeare in the grandest manner, using his art and imagination only as an instrument by which the play could make itself manifest by its own greatness. His setting is a wide flight of steps leading to a golden throne; with this foundation all his effects are achieved by changing lights and colours handled with extraordinary skill and inspiration

Rosalind Iden as Cordelia

Peter Glenville as Edgar

Randle Ayrton plays Lear once more at Stra
jevsky's production a spaciousness and
conception of the part. Besides the three pla
there are in the cast Donald Wolfit as Ken
Dale as Edmund, Geoffrey Wilkinson as the

Stratford-on-Avon

the Mad Scene

rd, finding this year in Komisar-ndeur to match his own fine rs whose photographs appear here, Eric Maxon as Gloucester, James ool, and Buena Bent as Regan

Randle Ayrton as Lear

Photographs by Anthony

Right:
Barbara Couper plays Goneril

Schoolmistresses

Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon in "These Three"

These Three (at the Leicester Square Theatre) was originally a play called *The Children's Hour*, given on Broadway to rapt audiences. Sam Goldwyn bought the film rights but Censor Hays banned the story and title. So Goldwyn had the author, Lillian Hellman, give the tale a more natural theme, and now it tells of two young schoolmistresses and a young doctor (Joel McCrea), and how the scandal started by a mischievous child nearly ruined the three of them. Merle Oberon gives a fine performance as one of the schoolmarms, and Miriam Hopkins brings her usual humour and charm and intelligence to the part of the other. The screen play has lost far less than its stage admirers expected from the adaptation, and has been directed with unsentimental clarity and power by William Wyler

Merle Oberon

Left:
Miriam Hopkins

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

"Things are not always what they seem" might well be said of this lovely creation, which is a nightdress, though it suggests an evening frock. It is designed for the trousseau by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and is carried out in Courtauld's pure silk lingerie satin tinted a delicate shade of pearl pink. The deep hem which rises in front and forms a short train behind is of fine écru lace like the bolero frill, outlined with appliqué flowers. A green velvet sash encircles the waist and ties in a bow. Courtauld's also make pure silk crêpe de Chine, chiffon and triple ninon in subtle pastel shades for lingerie. These fabrics are all obtainable at Marshall and Snelgrove, who will gladly send patterns post free

Dover Street Studios

Swing Coats and Straight Skirts

Designers are concentrating largely upon checks this season, both for town and country. Pictured above is a three-piece ensemble from the knitwear department at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. The cardigan suit is cut with a short double-breasted tailored coat with patch pockets and a belt, while box-pleats are introduced in the skirt. It is accompanied by a three-quarter-length swagger coat, which may be discarded on warm days and can also be worn separately either with the skirt or over a cotton frock. The price of this ensemble complete is only 45s., which sounds too good to be true, while separately the suit costs 30s., and the top coat 15s. It is available in several colour-schemes

Equally charming is the outfit on the right, which also comes from Swan and Edgar and may be seen in the stock size section. It costs 80s., and is just right for cruising or summer days on the river. White linen makes the frock, which is cut on simple lines with short sleeves, a centre pleat in the skirt, and a turn-down stitched collar. The finger-tip coat is navy blue embroidered with white. It swings from the back and has a plain round neck fastening with three buttons. Another charming frock costing 60s. is made in white milanese with coloured pin-spots. It is semi-tailored, with revers and a cravat. An illustrated spring catalogue, however, will gladly be sent free on request

Lenare

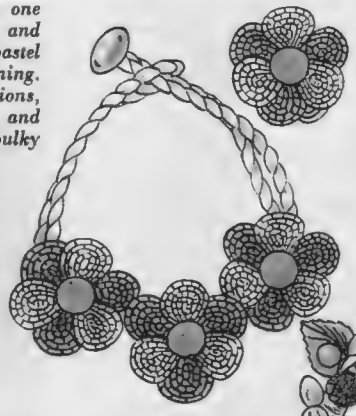
THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta; pictured by Pam.

Bags that bear the name of Bembaron are noted for their originality and "chic." The one on the left strewn with coloured fish is carried out in printed ripple silk. It is round like a drum, and has an amusing scarf lined with taffeta

Women will carry bows instead of bags this season. This one is designed by Bembaron, and may be had in calf, pastel suèdes, or moiré for the evening. It is divided into two sections, each with a sliding fastener, and is roomy without appearing bulky

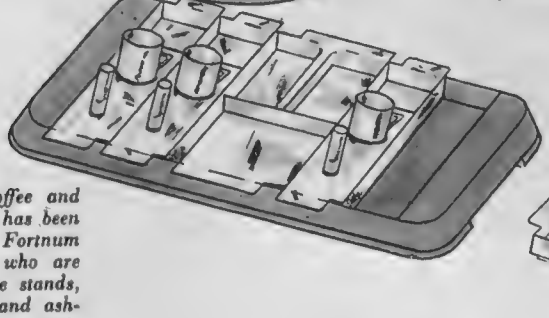
Feather butterflies in the loveliest colours hover lightly by night amid soft curls, or rest like a buttonhole on the narrow shoulder-strap of a frock. They are also designed by Bembaron, and vary in size and design, some being hand-painted



Coloured accessories lend interest to a simple frock, and the necklace on the left is decidedly smart. It comes from Woollands, Knightsbridge, and is composed of gold cord with lacquered raffia flowers in red and white. Clip earrings complete the scheme

A magnum teacup is something that every man will appreciate after a day's sport. The one on the left is painted with hunting scenes, and may be seen in the gift department at Fortnum and Mason. It is also available in plain colours, at prices ranging from 6s. 6d.

Another variation on the necklace theme is sketched above. It is made of raffia laden with mixed fruits, and is particularly charming with summer dresses. The cost is 19s. 6d., and it hails from Woollands



The risk of spilling coffee and liqueurs over a new carpet has been successfully overcome by Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, who are showing special earthenware stands, complete with cup, glass and ash-tray. A large centre tray is reserved for cigarettes and matches

The "Bystander" Bookshelf: By Alan Thomas

Mr. Beverley Nichols Sides with the Angels

"THE FOOL HATH SAID" (Jonathan Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a Call to Prayer, written—one might almost say "written up"—in the best Beverley Nichols' manner. "The fool," you may remember, "hath said in his heart, There is no God." This statement Mr. Nichols examines and refutes. We, as gentlemen of disbelief, having equipped ourselves with a microscope and tape-measure, start out on a treasure-hunt for Faith. We take stock of the Universe, and arrive at the conclusion that it is easier to believe than to disbelieve "the great primary fact that this little Earth is of unique importance in the vastness of space and that the Spirit who directs it must have at least as clear an idea of justice as the men who inhabit it." Next we address ourselves to the Divine Revelation. We examine the documents in the case and in a chapter headed "History or Hysteria?" we are forced to admit that the Resurrection of Jesus Christ is not only probable, but is considerably more historical than most history. In a chapter headed "The Cross and the Critics," we consider and overcome the difficulties presented by the Gospel according to St. John, and in the next chapter, headed "Messiah or Magician?", we sway on the edge of discovery, torn between the voice which bids us go back lest we lose everything, and the Voice which says "Be still and know that I am God." "We press our hands to our ears. We shut our eyes. The conflict of the two voices is tearing us . . . we cry out for succour. And we cry to God. And so it comes. That is the miracle, the ultimate miracle for which we have been seeking."

In the second part of the book, Mr. Nichols tells of his experiences with the Oxford Group, with whose methods and results he is deeply impressed. In the subsequent chapters he discusses the practical application of Christianity to the problems of sex, war and money.

There are things in this book which will offend some people. Others will see in it less religion than religiosity. But a great many more will welcome it for the inspiration it imparts. In any case, *The Fool Hath Said* will have a large sale, and conversation at many a dinner-table will revolve, if not round Christianity, at all events round Mr. Beverley Nichols.

"DAY OF WRATH," by Joseph O'Neill (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a grim and terrible book. It tells of the world war of May 1952, when the forces of evil are loosed and men in their millions are drowned under vast seas of poison gas. It is "the Yellow Alliance." "The Germans have been cold-shouldered in Europe by everybody but us. They 've done what outlaws are forced to do. They 've gone over to the Yellow man." Russia is destroyed. Australia is destroyed. Africa is destroyed. London is destroyed. "The whole centre of the city was still, and the clangour was coming only from the outer rim. Then it too grew less, died away . . . for minutes the quietness lasted. Then it was broken by a sound which came from the still world below us, the tolling of Big Ben." Finally, most of England is destroyed. "The whole country to the south and south-west is full of pockets of poison gas."

This is not written as a fantasy, but as a plain account of what happens in a world in which the nations, instead of working together, have vied with one another in the race for armaments. The days are unfortunately over when a story like this could have been regarded as the outcome of a diseased and morbid imagination. The terrifying thought is that it—or something very like it—may all come true unless we are pretty careful. In fact, when I mentioned this book to a friend, his retort was: "Nineteen-*fifty*-two! The author must be a double-dyed optimist. If he 'd said nineteen-*forty*-two he 'd have been nearer the mark!" I wish I could think that my friend was a double-dyed pessimist.

Beverley Nichols

"The Fool Hath Said" is Beverley Nichols' contribution to the religious problem of to-day. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," is the full quotation which Mr. Nichols takes as the text for his latest book, reviewed on this page

IN *Musings of a Scottish Granny* (Heath Cranton; 6*s.*), Ishbel, Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, has set down the memories of her youth, first in the Highlands, then as a debutante in London, and later as a bride. As she herself says: "What a far-away world is brought to remembrance by the recollection of a social London which has gone for ever." It may be that the less restrained world of to-day is an improvement on the world of fifty years ago: but at all events standards did count for something in those days. One did know where one was.

The latter part of Lady Aberdeen's book contains reminiscences mainly about the great figures whom she knew. Not the least interesting are her recollections of Mr. Gladstone, "Memories of a sacred and inspiring friendship," and of his frequent visits to the house in Dollis Hill. However late the hour of his arrival, the first thing was a cup of tea, made by Lord Aberdeen himself. "If you are cold," Mr. Gladstone used to say, "tea will warm you—if you are too heated, it will cool you—if you are depressed, it will cheer you—if you are excited, it will calm you." So now you know, if anybody asks you, what Mr. Gladstone said in 1885.

It is to be hoped that Lady Aberdeen, who continues to lead a full and active life, will find time to bring her "musings" up to date. Those that she has given us already whet the appetite for more.

"GULLS AGAINST THE SKY" (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a first novel by Michael Copeland, is an example of the Hemingway school, and a better one than most. The book has no plot and little action. It is the chronicle of a two months' voyage to London of an old German cargo-boat carrying a few passengers. One of them, Robin, falls in love with another, Ann, who is running away from her husband because she loves someone else. Mr. Copeland is skilful in creating atmospheres, tropical seas and blazing sunshine. It is against this background that he develops the affair between Robin and Ann. I tried hard to believe that Ann was as good and fine as Mr. Copeland obviously intended her to be, but I felt she behaved suspiciously like a wanton at times. A considerable proportion of the book is filled with the conversation of these two. Staccato, terse, colloquial, with few sentences longer than half-a-dozen words, it does manage to reveal their minds. Somewhere, apropos of her relations with Robin, Ann says: "It 's all funny. But it 's nice." That 's what I think about Mr. Copeland's book.

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Lt.-Comdr. W. K. Edden and Miss Sybil Pitman

Lieut.-Comdr. William Kaye Edden, R.N., married Sybil Pitman at Bath Abbey and the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pitman, held the reception in their home at Cranwells, Bath. Lieut.-Comdr. Edden is the son of the late Major Harold Edden, and Mrs. Edden. Miss Pitman is a granddaughter of the late Sir Isaac Pitman

Mr. Alec Bell and Miss Dawn McClintock

Dawn McClintock, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel George and Mrs. McClintock, was married at Chelsea Old Church to Alec Bell, the only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Bell, and the Hon. Mrs. Matthew Bell. Mrs. Bell is a daughter of the late Sir William Hart-Dyke, and was a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra, who stood godmother to Alec Bell

Weddings of the Week

Lt. the Hon. David Cairns and Miss Barbara Burgess

Above: David Cairns and Barbara Burgess had their after-Easter wedding at Christ Church, Mayfair. He is Lord and Lady Cairns' younger son, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Burgess, of Upton Lovell, Dunham Massey, Altrincham, Cheshire, and Lady Nuttall's sister

Below:
Mr. T. S. Fothringham and Miss Carola Noel

Mr. Anthony Wheeler and Miss Edith Dawkins

Left: Anthony Wheeler is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Wheeler; Edith Dawkins is the daughter of the late Major A. E. Dawkins and Lady Bertha Dawkins. They were married by the Bishop of Exeter, the bride's uncle, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington

Right: the wedding between Thomas Steuart Fothringham and Carola Noel took place in the private chapel of Pitkerro House, the Angus residence of the bride's parents—the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Noel. Carola Noel is the granddaughter of Mary Countess of Gainsborough, and a cousin of the present Earl

This England . . .

OUR fathers built many an airy miracle in stone that wind and weather have but enriched. And the men who wrought so finely were themselves fine wrought by the wind and weather of tradition. Much of their slow and thoughtful care in the making of good things is with us still—sometimes in unsuspected places. Your simple glass of Worthington, for instance, embodies all that is best in the tradition of brewing fine English beer for fine English craftsmen. You like Worthington because you find it good — you find it good because it is part of your great heritage.

"Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes at R. Mid-Surrey

Victory of the Barton Sisters — a Large Entry Defies the Weather

By Eleanor E. Helme

The Winners with Prizes and "Bystander" Trophies

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes were played on the Royal Mid-Surrey courses and won by Miss Mervyn Barton and Miss Pam Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey), with an aggregate of 163 strokes. On the left are Mrs. Rothwell Jackson and Mrs. Edwards (Coombe Wood)—best handicap for the Ladies' Course; on the right are Mrs. Kennedy (Liphook) and Mrs. Crombie (West Hill) — best handicap for the Men's Course

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE weather seems to have a down upon all golfers this year, when winter is still in full blast long after the cuckoo and the swallow (poor, deluded birds!) are making believe that spring has come. There must be something quite wonderful in store for Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, June 9th to 12th, for which, by the way, the entrance form appears to-day on page xvi. And by the further way, don't believe any rumours that the Turnberry Hotel is already booked to overflowing: though a great many folk have taken their rooms already there is still space for more; only book (and enter) early.

That is a digression forced upon me by comparing the cruel, cold wind and driving sleet of the One-day Spring Medal Foursomes this year and the sunny stillness which I always connect in mind with Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry.

My impressions of the day must be written frankly from the indoor angle—the only one that can be first-hand.

BEHOLD, then, first of all, a rush of golfers so full of punctuality that they fairly swept everything before them and must have been in full spate down the fairways long before advertised starting times if the one and only J. H. Taylor had not been there to stem the tide and to make sure that all was done decently and in order. Comments on the weather were short and caustic; Surrey and Hampshire had experienced it pretty badly the day before, when the home side beat the visitors 5 to 2 at Camberley, and there were plenty of kind enquiries whether they were all still alive: the short step from car to club-house had been enough to produce again that faintly purple hue which tells the temperature outside as surely as any weather-cock the direction of the wind; it was obvious this was going to be something of an endurance test.

It would perhaps be an advantage to tackle the men's course, with its thousand-odd more yards than the ladies', in the morning while, whatever the cold, it was at least dry. Looking back on the matter, it would appear to be a significant fact that the winners of both aggregates did indeed play on the men's course in the morning, and that every individual winning card on either course came in before lunch, except for the Bartons' 77 on the ladies'. Let it not be inferred, though, that all that afternoon effort was wasted, quite apart from the satisfaction of having a second shot at anything, even on a different course. The aggregate lists, both scratch and handicap, were topped by couples who had topped neither at lunch time.

IT would take too long in a busy week to hunt up the records of fourteen past years (this is being written in the grisly pre-breakfast hours so that I may be at Ranelagh in time to see Miss Pam Barton's and Miss Wade's rounds there), but I have a notion that is most unusual, and that leaders are apt to say firmly, like Elizabeth of England: "What I have, I hold."

At all events, when the spate had subsided, the cards began to come in, first amongst them a great 89—13=76 on the men's from Mrs. Rothwell Jackson and Mrs. Edwards, of Coombe Wood, which was to remain three strokes ahead of anybody else's net return there all day. They had had never a 3 to help them on; they had taken a 6 half-a-dozen times, but that was only reasonable considering the wind, when one heard of the numbers of times the hefty he-men had to go all out for second shots when they played for the Antlers of Mid-Surrey a week or two ago. That card was sheer steady merit all through, and a very real triumph.

NOT long after came in another card equally devoid of fireworks or deep depressions—83 gross from Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Crombie, both of whom seem in

(*Continued on page 208*)

Miss R. Powell (left) and Miss M. E. Arnold (Cooden Beach) were adding up their scores on the backs of Miss J. M. Hughes (Walton Heath—left) and Mrs. Frank Ryder. Twenty-nine pairs entered for the tournament

Miss R. Rabbidge (Worplesdon) and Mrs. J. Beck (Addington) went round the Royal Mid-Surrey courses with an aggregate of 170 — the third best score after the winning 163

Two Royal Mid-Surrey couples playing on their own course for the "Bystander" Spring Meeting were Miss F. W. Eagle, Mrs. Frost, Miss C. Mordaunt, and Miss J. Mordaunt

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Also with long sleeves 35/9.

"Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes *(Continued from page 206)*

great form just now, judging by Mrs. Kennedy's wins for Hampshire and Mrs. Crombie's 77 in the Surrey Championship qualifying at New Zealand. Forty-one out and only one more coming home was excellent. Miss Wade and Mrs. Gage were not far behind with 85: 43 and 42, in spite of a major disaster at the 398-yard sixth, where they lapsed into an 8; and then a bunch of 86's: the Bartons', Lady Alness, and Mrs. Garon, and Miss Cradock-Hartopp, and Miss Newell.

THERE was one tragic moment when Miss Halsted and Miss Garnham's marker recollected in the middle of lunch that she had put down a 4 for a hole where quite undoubtedly 5 had been taken. A rush to confess, confirmed by the players, who, although they had kept their own score by way of check, had failed to check over: a hasty recourse to the R. and A. Rules, and the sad discovery under Rule 6 (2) of Stroke Rules that to put down a score less than that actually taken disqualified the card.

It was hard lines, for 86 was no bad beginning to the day, and with the 81 which they did on the ladies' after lunch would actually have added them to the triple tie for second scratch aggregate—but R. and A. rules are immutable.

Meanwhile Mrs. Heppel and Mrs. Hunt had arrived on top so far as scratch on the ladies' was concerned, with 79, Mrs. S. V. Hicks (who is playing excellently this year with a brand-new style) and Mrs. Rink leading the handicap with 82—9=73. This couple had never set eyes upon each other until they met at the starting-table—which seems to show that now and again the perfect partnership may be arrived at without endless practice. And then, late in the morning, the Essex contingent began to make themselves felt, for Miss Dorrit Wilkins, fresh from her renewed Essex Championship triumph, with her runner-up, Miss Diana Plumpton, came in with a really splendid 75—3½=71½ on the ladies'; Miss Sutton and Mrs. Iorns with a 79—4=75. Mrs. Iorns won the scratch aggregate cups at these Foursomes last year, you remember, when she was Miss Eileen Young, and Miss Audrey Holmes her partner, and everybody was disappointed that Miss Holmes is allowed no golf, by doctor's orders, this spring, so that they could not defend their title.

So everything was in the melting-pot, and the management, having sent off the afternoon rounds, fortified themselves with that excellent lunch, found time to breathe again, and began sizing-up the chances of Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell of adding these Foursomes to their present holdings of Northern, Scottish, Midland, and Worplesdon Foursomes. There was a sporting chance, beyond doubt, but an undue number of sixes crept on to their afternoon card on the ladies': 81 was the best they could do, and so they only tied for second scratch aggregate of 167 with Mrs. Garon and Lady Alness and Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Crombie.

All of these were displaced—or, chronologically speaking, failed to overhaul—the two Bartons, who played a really good 77 on the ladies' and so topped the scratch list with 163, took the cups and set everyone reminiscing of 1933, when they won the handicap aggregate in these same Foursomes over these same courses and made folk wonder whether new stars had been discovered or only comets.

HANDICAP aggregate this year went to another Mid-Surrey pair—Miss Eagle and Mrs. Kellar Frost's 176—21=155, 79½ net on the men's, 75½ on the ladies', handicap on the men's to Mrs. Rothwell Jackson and Mrs. Edwards, scratch on the ladies' (the Bartons being ineligible for anything more than the cups) to Miss Wilkins and Miss Plumpton, and handicap there, these being ineligible, to Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Rink.

A fine fighting 78 gross from Mrs. Beck and Miss Rabbidge on the ladies' in the afternoon ought to be mentioned; of all the other gallant struggles to keep warm, to keep steady, and to keep smiling in spite of the cold, space forbids mention. Only just enough remains to say how extraordinarily kind and generous Royal Mid-Surrey were, as they always are, and how big a debt of gratitude everybody owed them.

THE weather was only a trifle kinder for the first day of Ranelagh: accordingly, Miss Pam Barton's 68 there was great golf, even if it were eclipsed next day by Mrs. Garon's 65 (29 home, mark you!) and 66 from Miss Pentony; while Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Diana Fishwick were 68 and Miss Garnham 69. Just imagine it: England's average for their eight rounds was twenty-three under fours! And if Ranelagh should continue for ever and a day their winning total of 553 might very well remain unbeaten.

Some of the competitors did a dash to Waterloo half-way through the afternoon to welcome the Curtis Cup team who arrived there under the captaincy of Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare. Miss Doris Chambers left Waterloo firmly grasping the case with the Cup inside. May she still be grasping it when she leaves Gleneagles! There is a very wholesome feeling in the air that she will be. I confidently think so myself.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Suitable costumes for the "Spring" play at Richmond were worn by Miss J. Macfarlane (Stoke Poges), Miss M. Brennan (West Kent), Miss A. Scott, and Miss Mosses (Stoke Poges)

Miss Swinburn Johnson (Stoke Poges) and Miss Sheila Stroyan (Sunningdale) were taken with the Addington pair who tied for second-best aggregate score with 167—Mrs. Garon and Lady Alness

Miss Barbara Pyman (Royal Porthcawl), Miss A. C. Regnart, Mrs. Herbert Guedalla (Walton Heath), and Miss B. Dix-Perkin (Sandy Lodge): the Walton Heath pair finished with 170, Miss Pyman and Miss Dix-Perkin with 172

ROVER

One of Britain's fine cars

The consistently high quality of Rover coachwork continues to gain recognition wherever it is displayed. At the Competition held in conjunction with the R.A.C. Rally at Torquay, the above cars gained two FIRST and two SECOND awards. It is interesting to note that the 14 H.P. model on the left is 3 years old and has 57,000 miles to its credit.

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Spring is Here!

Rain, Snow and Sleet Add a Sting to the "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (12th Year) at Royal Mid-Surrey

Miss Dorrit Wilkins (Chigwell), Miss Diana Plumpton (Frinton), Mrs. Heppel (Addington), and Mrs. W. H. A. Hunt (Brockenhurst Manor) were amongst the leading scores, both pairs finishing with 168

Four more at Richmond: Mrs. Patrick Murray (Bramley), Miss V. Black (Royal Mid-Surrey), Mrs. Black, and Mrs. Burgoyne (Royal Mid-Surrey)

The photographer caught a cheerful snap of "Bystander" sitters-out: Miss Barbara Steele (Worplesdon), Miss Nancy Halsted (Walton Heath) and Miss Isabella Rieben (Aberdovey)

The daffodils tried to pretend that spring had come to Richmond: Miss Z. Bonner Davis (Sidcup), Mrs. Alan Doyle (Royal Mid-Surrey), Mrs. J. S. Burn (Royal Mid-Surrey), and Miss S. Mountain (Ashdown Forest)

Miss Phyllis Wade (Parkstone) and Mrs. John Gage (Wentworth) finished with 171. Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Bridget Newell (Cavendish) tied for second with 167; they won the "Bystander" Northern Foursomes last month

Left: Mrs. Noble and Miss Angela Noble were a mother-and-daughter pair from Hindhead; Mrs. C. M. Turner and Mrs. David Arnell (Woking) shared the seat with them at Richmond

• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Annual Flying Section

Charles E. Brown

An Instructor from C.F.S. shows how easy it is to fly on one's head

The Royal Air Force—Yesterday and To-day

The Career For a Young Man

By Air-Commodore J. A. Chamier, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Secretary General—Air League of the British Empire

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, war on the Continent was looming very near. Great Britain was behindhand in aviation, and it had hardly started in any of the Dominions. France had several hundred trained pilots, and had directed herself to the co-operation of heavier-than-air machines with the Army. Germany had pinned her faith to lighter-than-air machines, and had shown that Zeppelins could undertake long reconnaissance flights, while their power for bombing was beginning to be realised. We had to do something rather hastily.

So does history repeat itself. To-day we find ourselves compelled to multiply our small but select Air Force because of the dangers which threaten us, and we have to hurry. We have no lighter-than-air machines, while Germany has just launched her one hundred and twenty-ninth Zeppelin, and has sent it on a business trip to South America and back.

IT is interesting to remember that the decision of our Government in those pre-war days was that there should be a unified air service—the Royal Flying Corps—but the Admiralty was unwilling to look so high, and insisted on control of what became the Royal Naval Air Service. It took four years of war before the flying services were once more unified, and now, again after many years of peace, we are in danger of forgetting the lessons of the war, and are talking of splitting up the unified Royal Air Force.

LIFE in the Flying Corps before the war was a cheerful affair. For some mysterious reason, officers were permitted to fly in mufti, and, although they had to try and learn something about military co-operation, in actual fact their main concern was to learn to fly. That was indeed quite enough to do at a time when flying-machines were very imperfect, and when very little was known about the medium in which they had to operate. Cross-country journeys were a natural attraction, and many forced landings were made at eligible country houses. The

The Raider! Flt.-Lieut. Staniland with the Fairey "Battle" and its Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engine

To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Annual Flying Section

more serious authorities at Farnborough at one time got the impression that the flying unit on Salisbury Plain was becoming a band of ruffians.

MANY were the adventures which came to the flying personnel when they started to operate to a schedule, and the first military manœuvres before the war, in which aircraft were given a considerable part, reduced the whole air strength of the Empire to two machines. Even during the war, when those engaged on more earth-bound tasks looked with awe on the fighting pilots high up in the sky, the machines they flew had no better performance than the present-day Moth. To such an extent has flying progressed.

POST-WAR service has brought a greater seriousness to life for those who fly, but with compensations. Before the war it was an adventure to go from Salisbury Plain to Cambridge ; now we fly liaison formations the length and breadth of Africa, and flying-boats leave the shores of this country for journeys to Australia and Singapore.

LIFE in the Royal Air Force is not a matter of drill—although drill must be done—examinations—although examinations must be passed—and "soldiering" at home. It takes the youngster all over the world. As a pilot-officer, he might find himself helping to keep order in a great country like Iraq. As a flight-lieutenant he may be sailing with the Fleet on an aircraft-carrier. His daily duties range from conducting minor wars on the frontier of India, to goodwill flights to Hong Kong. By exchange between the Services, as he grows older, he may get a chance of serving with the Royal Australian Air Force, or the Royal Canadian Air Force. Join the Air Force and see the world—it 's a true slogan.

THEN the world is seen from a different point of view. Hot-weather service in the tropics is always an arduous business,

Testing the oxygen before a flight to high altitudes. Every day an R.A.F. pilot climbs to 30,000 feet on meteorological duty. Much of our weather knowledge is obtained from his report

but the airman at least finds himself up in the clearer and cooler atmosphere, away from the dust and dirt which is the hot-weather lot of those who work upon the surface of the earth. There is no monotony in flying for the R.A.F. No life can be dull which gives a man so much responsibility at so young an age.

IT is true that not everybody can get a permanent commission in the Royal Air Force. Of necessity the Service must be a young one, and when a man gets too old for active war flying there are only a limited number of available posts which he can fill that do not involve constant flying. The objection to the short-service commission up to date has been that the man has been thrown out on the world rather too old to take up life afresh, and perhaps, after the combination of freedom and responsibility he has enjoyed, he is rather disinclined to settle down. But with the rapid expansion of civil aviation now taking place, more and more flying jobs are becoming available for ex-Service pilots—indeed, the demand for properly qualified men at the moment exceeds the supply. Moreover, the Air Ministry is contemplating a change in the conditions of service which will take in the youngster slightly earlier, and release him after a shorter period with the "colours," so that his chance of filling a different rôle in civil life is increased. He will not lose touch with flying, because his training on the Reserve will keep him up to date in any case.

THERE are those who are normally employed in civil occupations who want to fly, and who would like to feel that they are doing something to make them useful to their country should the emergency arise. For those, the direct entry Reserve has been specially designed. Up till this year, it has, perhaps, been difficult for a youngster to join up, because a considerable initial period of continuous training is expected of the Reservists, and it is not always possible for them to get away from their jobs for so long a time. Even after the first year, they had to spend fourteen days of continuous training each year. It was a good holiday, but some, perhaps, found it hard to give up their only holiday in the year to flying. The new direct entry scheme which the Air Ministry is about to announce will help to remove these difficulties, and training for the Reserve will be made simpler and easier of access to those who are in employment. This will remove the last obstacles, and every young and fit man whose inclinations lie that way will be able to obtain his flying training almost cost free, and at the same time, will be fitting himself for the defence of his country should the need arise.

SOME may be frightened by the thought of the strict medical examination. Of course, pilots must be fit, and the standard, especially in the direction of the functioning of the heart and breathing apparatus, must be higher than for those who do not make such calls upon nature, but no ordinarily fit young man need be afraid that he will not pass this examination. It sounds much more severe than it is.

IT will be seen that there is something in the Royal Air Force to suit all tastes, either on the basis of a permanent commission, a short-service commission, or in the Reserve. Young men have a splendid chance to fly to-day, and I have no doubt they will avail themselves of it before the opportunity passes.

"Flight"

The Hawker monoplane fighter with Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engine, which has completed its Air Ministry trials and is understood to be on order for the R.A.F. in considerable quantity

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Jean Batten doesn't

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• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Annual Flying Section

Left: the "Drone" with its 7½-horse-power "Douglas" engine, the single-seater flown to Berlin and back by Lord Sempill, non-stop each way. It is being built in quantity at Hanworth

"The Aeroplane"

Lord Sempill at Croydon after clearing Customs for Berlin. Herr Robert Kronfeld, the well-known Austrian gliding expert, is seen on the right

Cheaper and Safer Flying

Six Hundred Miles Non-Stop at 45 Miles to the Gallon

By Lord Sempill, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

A NON-STOP flight to Germany from England—a day's work in Berlin—and a non-stop return flight from Germany could be quite an ordinary event in these days and would call for no comment. There are perhaps exceptions, and these few lines are written by way of description of such a flight made some two weeks ago.

THE "Drone," a small single-seater monoplane, fitted with a 7½-h.p. two-cylinder Douglas engine, was used. Weather conditions were not ideal and the clouds were very low, in fact, the Channel had to be crossed at under 500 feet. In Belgium and Holland visibility was bad—in fact, it was necessary to fly low for some 100 miles over Holland—hedge-hopping, or, rather, dyke-hopping. When crossing the various rivers in that country, which were enveloped in fog, a sharp look-out had to be kept for barges, that would suddenly loom up ahead.

The fact that the "Drone" can be flown comfortably at 20 miles per hour and landed easily in a small field robbed low flying under such conditions of most of its usual anxieties.

After fog came rain, but in North Holland the weather improved and all went well until Hanover was passed. Then the weather became rapidly worse and heavy rain and low cloud hung over most of the 150 miles to Berlin. Eventually a landing was made there exactly eleven hours after leaving London, over 600 miles away, this constituting a world's record (subject to verification by the F.A.I.) for the ultra-light aircraft.

ON the return, weather conditions were normal for the first 400 miles, but very cold. Then they became very rough, with a strong beam wind from the North, and the little machine was thrown about like a dinghy in a rough sea. Over Holland substantial thermic down-currents were met with and height was lost in consequence. The machine was flown into the wind a few feet from the ground and sometimes was being driven backwards at 5 miles an hour. Eventually, with the help of a thermic up-current, 1000 feet in height was made quickly. With a strong following wind a quick trip was made from the Zuyder Zee to Calais.

At Dunkirk the course was altered with a view to crossing the Channel, but this was found to be impossible at 1500 feet, due to the very strong wind which was driving the machine back on to the French coast. It became necessary to come down within a few feet of the water. The crossing took about 45 minutes, and progress could only be described as crab-like in every sense of the word.

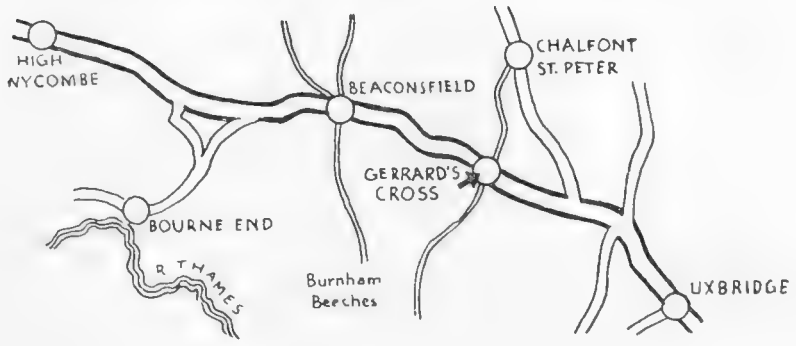
EVENTUALLY, after a long struggle, St. Margaret's Bay appeared, but it was quite impossible to climb over the cliffs, and some idea of the strength of the wind at sea-level may be gauged from the fact that it took 20 minutes to fly from St. Margaret's Bay to Deal, a distance of

(*Continued on page* vi)

The "Flea" and Mr. Appleby. This particular "Pou du Ciel" was the first to be flown in England. It is a type that can be built at home and has been sponsored in this country by the Air League

GERRARD'S *CROSS*

BUT **SHELL**'S *PLEASING*



YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Annual Flying Section

The Private Owner—His 'Planes and Opportunities

By W. Lindsay Everard, M.P.

How interesting it is, year by year, to hear of the enthusiasm for flying by many who, in the past, have either not interested themselves at all or have been definitely hostile to this modern method of holiday travel. The whole of Europe and far beyond now lies within easy reach of those who understand how to use aircraft, and each year gives us a longer radius to a day's flying.

It is simple with a modern machine to do daily journeys never contemplated years ago. I have left the Midlands after breakfast, had a day's salmon-fishing in Forfarshire and been back at home in time for dinner at 9 p.m. A day can be spent in many of the Continental bathing resorts, with a dinner engagement in London in the evening. Even an afternoon and evening may be spent at the Casino, and then the same person may be at his office desk in the City the next morning. One can easily make Budapest for dinner—in fact, for the business-man many distant countries can be visited in a fortnight's holiday by air, a tour quite impossible in any other way. I have found that a holiday by air enables one, in a given time, to see at least twice the amount one can see by any other method of travel.

Mr. Lindsay Everard, on the left, walking with Lord Londonderry and Sir Francis Shelmerdine, who is Director-General of Civil Aviation

The view below is of Mr. Lindsay Everard's private aerodrome at Ratcliffe, taken when the R.A.F. were paying a call. There are two hangars, a beacon, and floodlight for night flying, quarters for pilots and engineers, a swimming-pool, the whole construction being by En-Tout-Cas

Ratcliffe Aerodrom Leicester

Flying in a modern multi-engined machine is similar, in my view, to cruising in a yacht—except that there seems to be less time for the inevitable row!—with more to see during the journey and longer time to spend at stopping-places en route. You leave a Customs airport with your carnet and other necessary documents, and you fly where you will. Everyone is only too delighted to welcome a foreign private flyer, and in spite of differences of temperament and language the air travellers of all countries have a common bond of friendship.

But I have neglected to consider the ground organisation necessary at home before these tours can be undertaken. Most private owners of aircraft arrange for their machines to be housed and looked after at one of the aerodromes which cater for this work. Some provide their own facilities, which vary considerably, from a field with a windsock and a wooden shed to a fully equipped and up-to-date modern aerodrome. The latter is really unnecessary unless you wish to assist your private owner friends as well as cater for your own needs. We in England are ahead of all European countries in our provision of private owners' aerodromes—in fact, in some countries abroad, they have actually been forbidden until recently.

"Flight"

At an Air Race Meeting

The time is not far distant when all private owners living in country districts will arrange for some sort of landing-ground and hangar near their residence, and all country estates will have facilities for visiting aircraft. The obvious saving in travelling hours needs no stressing, as quite often more time is spent in journeys to and

(Continued on page viii)

The Duchess of Bedford standing beside her Moth, with the Percival "Gull" used for long-distance tours in the background. The Duchess has been an owner-pilot for many years and has flown to India, the Cape, and across the Sahara. She has her own private aerodrome in the Park at Woburn Abbey

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To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Annual Flying Section

Aviation Comes Out On Top

A Record Year Ahead

By Charles Ward

The "Bystander" Air Correspondent

The Sky's the Way

THE prophets notwithstanding, flying has come into its own with a rush of wings and a hum of engines—the air 's the thing for defence and the skyway is attracting the cream of the world's traffic. At home, the Royal Air Force is fast becoming top Service—can it attain world leadership? This is a matter for organisation and for money. We have the 'planes and the engines; also a high average standard of skill in pilotage; but bad flying weather, a small home market for aircraft and very few modern aerodromes, either Service or civil, tend to defeat our natural advantages. The Aircraft Industry is working to capacity, and if our technicians and engineers are given sufficient freedom for design, we should achieve parity with the strongest air power by the end of 1937. As for commercial air routes, ours are declared the safest and the most comfortable in the world, but we need more of them. This year, Imperial Airways is preparing for the last stage but one in Empire communications—England is to be linked with Canada. The ultimate goal must be a British air route round the world, connecting all Dominions and Colonies with each other and serving many foreign countries as well. The monoplane and the flying-boat have come into favour together. The new fleet is designed for continuous travel by night as well as by day. Imperial mails are to be carried almost everywhere without surcharge—in other words, the Post Office will use the airways as normal transport media—flying has come into its own as the fastest and cheapest method of travel.

The Magic Carpet for 1936

An impression of the Empire flying-boat, twenty-nine of which are under construction for Imperial Airways at the Rochester works of Short Brothers. These boats, cruising at 150 miles an hour, day and night, will cross the Atlantic and link us with Australia and South Africa

What Does Bradshaw Say?

FOR travel, consult Bradshaw—there is an International Air Guide. The Imperial routes are now well known: to India, the Straits and Australia—to Egypt and South Africa—to Paris and Central Europe. There are new lines to Hong Kong, Shanghai and West Africa, with connections to New Zealand and Canada to be made within a year. Imperial Airways will fly more than 5,000,000 miles in 1936, each liner putting in an average of 2000 hours in the air. Last year the Company carried 15,000,000 letters, a number soon to be multiplied ten times when all first-class mail is air-borne. At home, Railway Air Services carries on the Imperial tradition—nearly a million miles have been flown and extensions are planned to link all important British cities. The L.M.S., which carries the mails to Belfast and Glasgow, the G.W.R., with its network of air lines in the West and South-West, and the Southern, operating to the Isle of Wight and its own coast line, are the active partners in this combine. During 1935, several of the independent companies amalgamated to form British Airways, and this concern has secured a mail contract to Scandinavia, carrying all letters without surcharge—no air-mail label is necessary. This Company also operates to Paris, to Northern Ireland and the Isle of Man, with connections from London in every case. Lisbon via Madrid is already planned for the summer. The Channel Islands, the French and Belgian seaside resorts are all served by air. Olley Air Services from Croydon connect London with Deauville in season, besides maintaining a taxi fleet for journeys anywhere at any time. In France, from Paris to all French Possessions, to South America and throughout Europe, the national company, Air France, serves eighty-seven cities in twenty-nine different countries. North Africa is within a day's journey of London. New 'planes are in service cruising at 180 miles an hour.

(Continued on page 220)

An interior of the Empire flying-boat. Comfortable seats for day travel will give place to equally luxurious bunks after dark. There is a promenade deck—covered in, of course—a smoking-room, and a galley from which excellent meals will be served

Lindbergh tries the way of an "Eagle." His first flight in England, after being allotted an Air Ministry "A" licence, was at Hanworth, where he flew a B.A. "Eagle," a three-seater which cruises at 150 m.p.h., with a "Gipsy" Major engine, and can be bought complete for £1250

BUSINESS MAN'S DIARY

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Imperial Airways is Booking and General Agent in Great Britain for Belgian Air Lines, German Airways and Swissair

Stuarts

• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Annual Flying Section *(Continued from page 218)*

The Modern Air Liner

THE converted D.H.4 and the Handley Page O·400 would look like strange beasts at a modern airport, yet it is barely sixteen years since they were introduced to the business-man for travel. The air liner of to-day is designed to suit the passenger—he is the piper who calls the tune. Every comfort, except permission to smoke, is provided—even this concession is granted on some lines, and in a few years a "smoker" will be a recognised compartment, just as it is on a train. Apart from the new "Short" boats, which are illustrated, the major contribution to air-line equipment has been made by de Havillands. The Dragon, its fast sister, the Rapide, and later, the Express, are in daily use all over the world. The latest and most spectacular product from Hatfield will be the "Super Comet," for Atlantic mails and for passengers willing to pay high prices for speed. With 1600 "Gipsy" horse-power, it is designed to fly at 250 miles an hour. Average cruising speeds of all modern liners are 150 miles an hour or more, and this has been secured without sacrificing a reasonable landing-speed. Variable-pitch airscrews

"Flight"

An Airspeed "Envoy" flies over the Queen Mary, at anchor in Cowes Roads. The "Envoy" is an air liner, built at Portsmouth Airport by the company that introduced the retractable under-carriage to this country. It is easy to cruise at 150 miles an hour and has proved very popular as an air taxi and for feeder lines to main routes

Here is the "Vega Gull," a roomy four-seater that flies at 170 m.p.h., when fitted with a 200-horse-power "Gipsy" Six. Trailing edge-flaps reduce landing-speed to 44 m.p.h.—quite slow enough for an owner-pilot. Captain Percival, the designer, is also an expert pilot

"Flight"

The "Dragonfly," by de Havilland, presented as the owner-pilot's 'plane for 1936. It is a five-seater, with a cruising range of 900 miles at a speed of 125 miles an hour. Two "Gipsy" Majors of the type that has ten Atlantic crossings to its credit, give the "Dragonfly" practical immunity from forced landings. This miniature air liner costs £2650

are used to get the craft off the ground more quickly, whilst slots and flaps on the wings come into use for the approach and landing. The retractable under-carriage has been responsible for adding many miles an hour to the performance of all types except the largest landplanes, in which raising and lowering a chassis weighing half a ton would require so much extra and heavy gear that the operation is not worth while. Streamlining has been carried very nearly to the *n*th degree in small aircraft, and its advantages are being applied gradually to every type. Each day someone devises a new method of saving weight—a means for securing faster and cheaper transport.

The Passenger and Cheap Speed

So much for technical advance—the passenger who pays for cheap speed is vaguely interested in the means by which this is achieved. His immediate concern, however, is the saving of time at a reasonable excess charge over surface transport, always provided that air travel is safe and comfortable. Speed is assured, and fares are rapidly being reduced, partly by reason of subsidies, but also due to the increased efficiency of flying. Transport safety is a relative term—consider the risks on the road and remember that the pilots of air liners are more highly trained than any drivers. The risks in flying are being eliminated—to-day the insurance for an air journey by Imperials is exactly the same as by boat and train over the identical route. Insurance is a strictly business proposition—it has often been asserted that Captain Lamplugh of Lloyd's is the dictator of civil aviation. No operating company can start without adequate insurance, and the present Bill before Parliament will ensure that full cover is effected, not only for flight, but to include those unfortunates on the ground whose gardens may become littered with débris discarded by passing liners or tramps. Comfort is again relative to the standard at which one lives. Personally, I find air travel more comfortable and certainly less fatiguing than any other means. We have armchairs in air liners, foot-rests, a bell-push for the waiter, who can produce a brandy and soda for breakfast if you feel that way. Food

(*Continued on page* ii)

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GRAHAM CRANE

To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Annual Flying Section *(Continued from page 220)*

is first-class; there is that unique view of scenery or of the clouds that satisfies the eye. To cope with arrears of sleep is no effort—flying is a soporific or a tonic, just as you wish. In either case, you arrive refreshed at the end of your journey, both physically and mentally. What more could one expect from the price of a first-class ticket to view the world? Quite soon there will be excursions round the globe in eight days! What would Jules Verne say?

"Plying for Hire or Reward"

THIS curious expression, coined by the Air Ministry to denote something to do with trade as opposed to sport or Service flying, covers all commercial operations. The air lines, air taxi services, instruction, air survey, joy-riding, sky-advertising, all come within the law. Aircraft for these many and various duties range from the luxurious H.P. 42 on the Paris route of Imperial Airways, down to the most humble and tattered twenty-year-old Avro in the flying circus. They include landplanes, seaplanes, and flying-boats of all shapes and sizes, built by twenty-four different firms, with engines by any of another dozen companies. The aircraft industry utilises millions of public capital and employs tens of thousands of workpeople. The big firms quoted on the Stock Exchange can be subdivided—Blackburn's, Bristol's, de Havilland's, Fairey's, Handley Page, Hawker's, and Short Brothers for aircraft; Bristol's, de Havilland's, Hawker Siddeley's, Napier's and Rolls Royce for engines, and Imperial Airways for transport. In addition, there are many smaller firms which will one day make a big "splash" in the air. Profits come from small aircraft sold in large quantities—5000 Moths from de Havilland's, for instance—just as much as from big aircraft or those orders direct from the Government for the R.A.F. The real point is that aviation has come to stay and to create for itself a position as a key industry. Not only the City, but the Big Four railways, the shipbuilding groups, and the motor-manufacturers are financially interested in aircraft. Vickers control Supermarines; Shorts are believed to have an arrangement with Harland and Wolff; Swan Hunter are in the air with Airspeed of Portsmouth. Morris has his Wolseley engines, and Austins, Hillmans, Alvis, and Riley are all in on flying. In America the most significant news is that Ford is at last developing a cheap aero engine. This is something the civil market is awaiting—a reliable power unit, costing not more than £1 per horse-power!

A perfect landing. A unique photograph of Miss "Joe" Nadin at the moment of landing from a parachute descent. She is using an "Irvin," the standard life-saving apparatus of the Royal Air Force and of forty-two other countries. There are more than 1500 members of the Caterpillar Club, that exclusive body reserved for those who have saved their lives with "Irvin" Chutes

'Planes for All Duties

IN England our selection of medium-powered aircraft is very wide. It ranges from the four-engined de Havilland "Express" of 800 horse-power down to the "Phœnix" of 200 horse-power. Multiplicity of engines need not mean high power and extravagant running costs. There is the Short "Scion" Senior, with four "Pobjoy" engines of 90 horse-power each. This carries seven passengers for a distance of 380 miles at 120 miles an hour. The security of four motors is well worth considering for some jobs—the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company bought a seaplane of this type for cruising around the Delta country of Lower Burma. The original "Scion" was a twin-engined 'plane, which has been used with great success for ferry work. The Airspeed "Envoy" is in a different class. High speed, achieved by clean design and a retractable under-carriage. With the latest Wolseley engines, the "Envoy" cruises at 153 miles an hour, and with Siddeley "Cheetahs" at 190, this latter being the performance guaranteed to the South African Government for a recent order. From Hanworth comes the Monospar, built by General Aircraft. Its special form of wing-construction saves weight, and the latest model is a 200-mile-an-hour air liner. Next in order of size

(Continued on page iv)

An Air France Liner

Above: the Potez 62, an all-metal liner used by Air France between Paris and Marseilles, Madrid and Malmoe in Sweden

Left: Captain Birkett, one of our most experienced air taxi pilots, who parks his fleet at Heston, which is London's airport on the Great West Road. If you must go to Timbuctu or Abyssinia or keep a date anywhere, call for an air taxi

Right: Charlie Chaplin in Batavia. Mrs. Goddard is on the left and Paulette on the right. They had flown from Singapore in a de Havilland "Express" of Qantas Empire Airways, an associated company of Imperial Airways

RECORD THERE-AND-BACK FLIGHT

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The pilot's view of Brough on the Humber, where Blackburn Aircraft are built and flown. The factory has a unique situation, with its own aerodrome and seaplane base, so that the whole organisation is self contained. Every type of aircraft is constructed at Brough—flying boats, seaplanes, ship-'planes, air liners and training 'planes.

To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Annual Flying Section *(Continued from page ii)*

come those aircraft that can be flown and serviced by the skilful owner-pilot. He or she may employ a pilot or an engineer for long trips abroad, but anyone accustomed to things mechanical can get along very well without assistance, provided the tour is planned over recognised routes. The "Dragonfly" from Hatfield is the latest de luxe 'plane for the private owner. An air liner in miniature; easy to fly and with a practical guarantee against forced landings, having two "Gipsy" engines. The "Vega Gull," the most recent in the Percival series, has a top speed of 170 miles an hour, yet can be landed with full load in 125 yards, thanks to flaps and brakes. It costs £1550 fully equipped for four people. The "Gull" is used abroad for feeder mail services and is popular as an air taxi, especially for Press work. The B.A. "Eagle" is a three-seater selling at £1250. Its top speed is 150 and its range 650 miles. It is one of the pleasantest machines to fly; especially quiet, with no vices and most economical to tour with its "Gipsy" Major. There is no real line of demarkation between liners, taxis and private aircraft. People buy what they can afford to operate. In most cases, 'planes are chosen by the pilot for the pilot. A good view, easy in the air and easy to land are the points that are noted. It used to be the same with cars, but nowadays these are bought far more often by the prospective passengers, wives or otherwise, and in consequence such details as appearance, comfortable seating, easy exits, and plenty of space secure the orders. Until aircraft can be landed at 30 miles an hour or less the pilot must remain the best judge of what he can handle with ease and comfort.

A British amphibian in Czechoslovakia. The Saro "Cloud," built by Saunders Roe of East Cowes, also well known as constructors of yachts and motor-boats, is used in Central Europe as an air liner. The "Cloud" is also a training machine in the R.A.F. and at A.S.T., Hamble, for flying-boat tuition. The Saro "London" is the new General Purpose flying-boat for the R.A.F.

Getting to Know the Air

THE flying season for the novice starts with the advent of Summer Time, and as there are fifty or more clubs and many schools well distributed around the country there is really no excuse for anyone who wishes to learn failing to do so. The cost of learning to fly varies considerably. It may be as low as £15 and as much as £50. As a general rule the subsidised clubs can offer the cheapest rates, whilst the schools are the most expensive, bearing in mind, though, that the latter will teach you to fly in a week, given good weather, whereas at the clubs, members must wait their turn. The leading school in the country is Air Service Training, at Hamble. It has an international reputation, and in fact many of its pupils come from foreign countries to learn the British way. Every form of training is available: from "A" licence to a three-years' commercial course, at the end of which the student is fully qualified to take a job as an air line pilot or engineer. The fleet of some forty aircraft range from the Avro "Cadet" to the "Calcutta" flying-boat with three engines. A.S.T. is a university of the air, recognised by the Government, the operators and the manufacturers as the source of supply for the right type of young man for civil aviation. At Heston, which is the private pilot's airport for London, the School has always been booked almost to capacity, yet more 'planes, equipment, and instructors appear as the demand for training increases. Brooklands has a following attracted partly by the pleasant surroundings of the aerodrome, the proximity of the track and its motor racing, but also due to its prestige as the oldest School in the country. Many famous people learnt to fly at Brooklands when pilots had to teach themselves, and there is an atmosphere about the place which attracts a sporting crowd. Incidentally, Brooklands is in association with the Cinque Ports Club at Lympne, the Southern Aero Club at Shoreham, and the Northants Club at Sywell. Lympne was the scene of the first trials of light aeroplanes in this country — the Moth had not been designed when these took place in 1923. The Cinque Ports Club commenced flying in 1928, and is to-day one of the most flourishing centres in England. Last year its aircraft flew more than 2000 hours, and it has a membership of about 400. At Hanworth, another of London's aerodromes, especially well-favoured by having a lovely house for its "hotel" and social centre, there is a School with many different types on which to learn. The

(Continued on page x)

Dressed for the air. A merry party all set for a comfortable journey by Railway Air Services, the combine that links the railway with the airway in England. The liner is a de H. "Express"

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After you have taken your "A" licence, you can continue instruction in aerobatics, blind flying, navigation, etc., in order to qualify for the commercial pilot's and second-class navigator's licences. All flying equipment can be obtained at the School and there are no entrance fees or subscriptions to be paid. Telephone HOUNSLOW 2345 for a flying appointment.

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CVS—23

Cheaper and Safer Flying *(Continued from page 214)*

An Old-Timer at Roosevelt Field

The "open cockpit" of 1910 is in strange contrast to the comfort of a "Swallow" for two, perhaps the best example of the open two-seater of to-day, easy to fly and cheap to operate. It is built at Hanworth by the British Aircraft Manufacturing Co. — costs £715 — has a top speed of more than 100 miles an hour, and can be landed at 30

The Klemm "Swallow"—Easy to Fly

some 6 miles. Over the land conditions were exceedingly bumpy, and it did not look as though there would be sufficient petrol to reach London, so a landing was made in Broome Park, near Canterbury, which belongs to Lord Kitchener, nine hours after leaving Berlin.

The fact that the weather conditions were not at all good was useful, as it showed that the ultra-light aircraft is by no means only a type of machine suitable for local flying under ideal weather conditions. On the day of the return flight weather conditions here were so unsuitable that Flying Clubs were shut.

MACHINES of this type are cheap in first cost and in running costs; in fact, the latter could certainly be described as being comparable to those of a small car, although the first cost is slightly greater—some £275—but such a figure will undoubtedly be reduced when larger numbers are made.

The petrol consumption worked out at 44-45 miles per gallon, and the oil consumption would be in excess of 1500 miles to the gallon. The machine is easy to fly and can take off from and land in a small field. The speed range is particularly good—20-65 miles per hour.

There are to-day very few private owners of aircraft—in fact, no more than there were private owners of motor-cars at the beginning of this century. The reasons are essentially the same. Aircraft require in their operation too much specialised skill and are expensive, and their use is very heavily restricted, as ground facilities are conspicuous by their almost complete absence. The same difficulties undoubtedly faced the automobile industry in its early days, and it was not until cars became easy to manage and cheap that everyone used them.

TO-DAY the reasons outlined above are in some large measure overcome by the use of machines like the "Pou-du-Ciel" and the "Drone." Those who are looking for easy and cheap flying must consider them. They are the only two actively in this picture at the moment. As to whether the small machine suitable for the owner-pilot will be a fixed-wing type is arguable, as the rotating-wing machine, of which type the Autogiro is, without question, the leading example, holds out greater possibilities of getting nearer that standard of fool-proof operation without which the class of private owner will be restricted, as now, to the enthusiasts.

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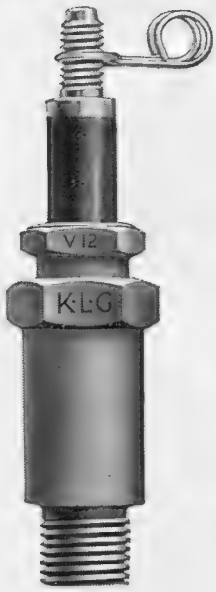

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AST122

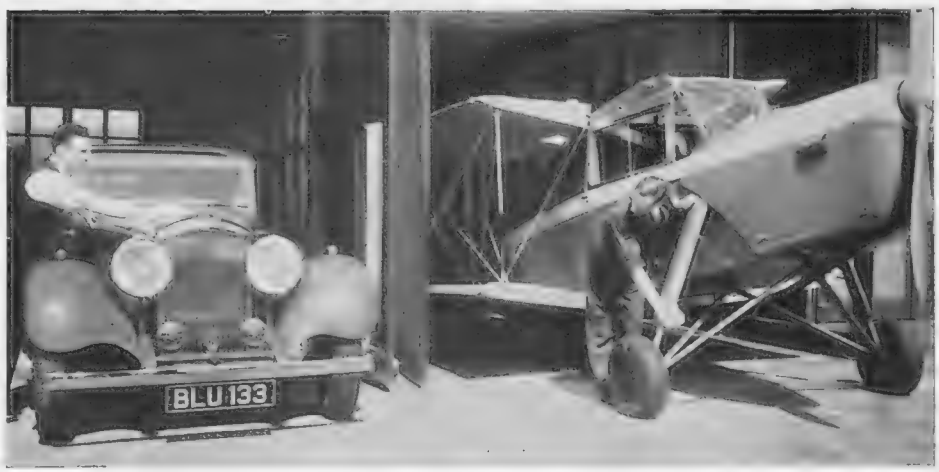
The Private Owner—His 'Planes and Opportunities *(Continued from page 216)*

from aerodromes than in the actual flying itself. One of the most picturesque private aerodromes is that in Woburn Abbey Park, used by the Duchess of Bedford. This was also one of the first, if not the first private owners' aerodrome to be established in England.

It is wonderful what can be done by the conversion of old farm buildings into a hangar and workshop. Several fields adjoining can be merged into one to make a landing-ground. Twenty acres can make a reasonable landing area for light aircraft, always provided the ground is not surrounded by high trees. One of my flying friends uses a field under 5 acres in size, but he is a well-known sportsman in other directions besides aviation! These private landing-grounds are of great value to all pilots in bad weather; they offer additional security for all forms of flying, both military and civil. They don't, however, appear on the Ordnance flying maps unless licensed by the Air Ministry, so that 's a good thing to arrange, if the dimensions are large enough.

I have not yet mentioned the type of machine to use. There is now a good choice for all purses and every requirement. Obviously an inexperienced pilot is well advised to start flying a machine with a slow landing speed, but the disadvantage of this is usually a corresponding loss of cruising speed. Speed range is, however, increasing year by year—starting from something in the order of one to two, there are aircraft in existence with a range of one to four and a half. When a pilot becomes experienced and capable of flying most types, he will choose either a single-engined fast-cruising monoplane with long-range performance, or, if he can afford a large machine, then his choice will obviously be one of the twin-engined class. I use both types myself, but for long tours over mountains, sea and desert, there is that extra feeling of security in a twin-engined machine. However, the modern aircraft engine is not like a mortal, it "very seldom errs."

When you have decided on your tour, select your party carefully—good "air sailors," if possible—and then approach the Royal Aero Club or the Automobile Association. They will arrange your passports, get you the necessary documents for the machine, and order your supplies of petrol and oil. This is important if you want to avoid unnecessary delays on aerodromes abroad. *The* day arrives; you start; sailing above the Channel, looking back at the outlines of the English coast, you feel free; no fixed hours for arrivals and departures; no wearying train journeys by night. You have started on a tour of enjoyment and interest, passing, perhaps, through several different countries each day, enlarging your outlook and making friends in all lands among the freemasons of the air.



The de Havilland "Hornet" and a Bentley as stable companions. How easy it is to garage the modern light 'plane! The "Hornet" is the latest Moth, a side-by-side cabin two-seater costing £875. It cruises at well over 100 miles an hour, with a range of 625 miles

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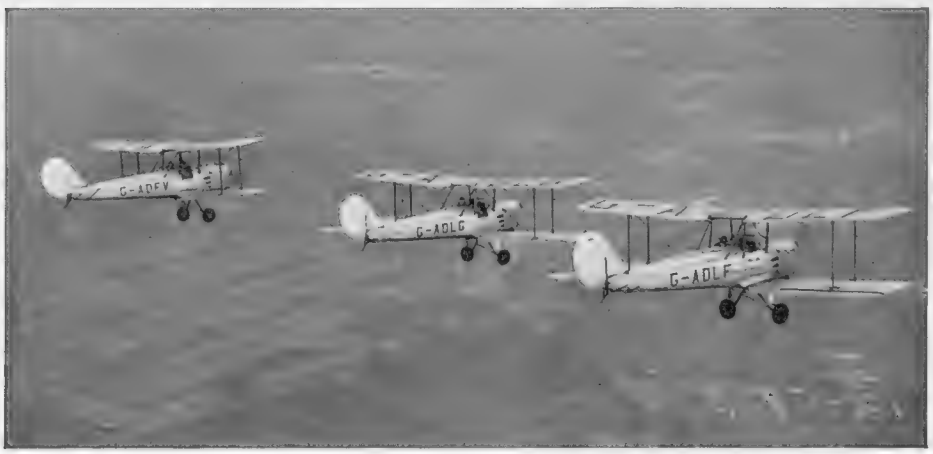
SYSTON, LEICESTER.

• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Annual Flying Section *(Continued from page iv)*

Aeronca, cheapest of all two-seaters, will be available there quite shortly. Then there are many municipal aerodromes where tuition can be obtained. Southampton is an example—here the Hampshire club has its headquarters and people can learn to fly for £25. The club was formed at Hamble ten years ago and has as its president Lord Louis Mountbatten, who himself was taught on one of the Moths. At the Doncaster Airport, a station on the K.L.M. route across the North Sea, Rollason Aircraft maintain a service station. Another type of flying centre, of which the finest example in England is Firbeck Hall Club, has established a first-class aerodrome for the use of members and guests. Firbeck Hall is a beautiful place—owner-pilots are invited to drop in when passing that way. Heston continues to enjoy the distinction of being the most progressive airport in the country. Literally any business to do with flying can be transacted there. If you want to buy a 'plane, go to Heston or to Brian Lewis, Brooklands or Rollason at Croydon. They have Moths of all sizes and colour-schemes — the "Hornet," which is the cabin two-seater replacement for the open "Gipsy," is a winner.

Flying Progress

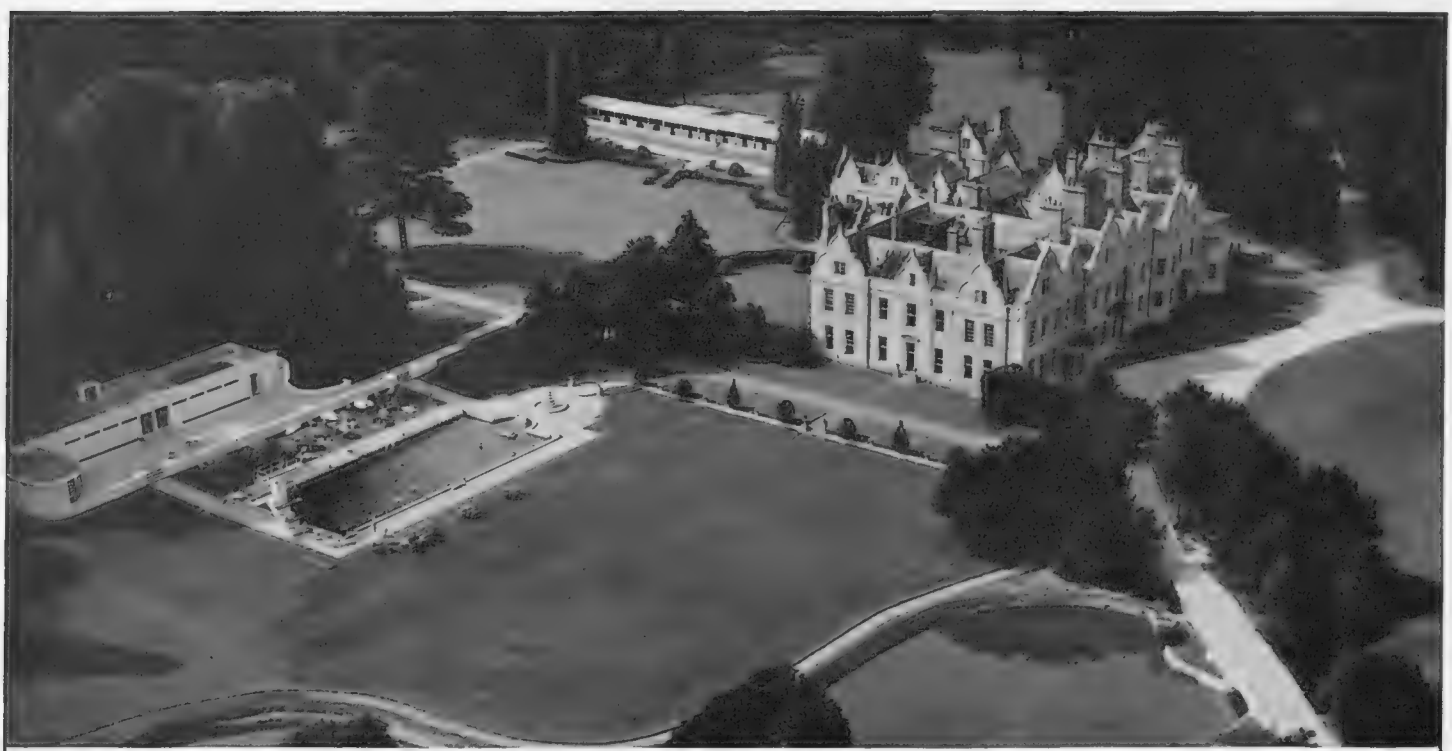
THIS last year has been one of steady achievement everywhere. Records continue to be broken with the aid of the never-failing "sparks" from K.L.G. and the soothing influence of Patent Castrol. Shell and "Stanavo" again share the honours of supplying the stuff that makes the props go round, the former maintaining a service organisation all along the Empire routes for "Flying Flea" and giant air liner alike, whilst "Stanavo" is available as a standard grade of petrol throughout the world. We still need many more aerodromes, less restrictions on private aviation, and cheaper light 'planes; however, 1936 has some big surprises in store for all who fly. Aviation has come out on top at last! C. E. W.



"The Aeroplane"

Three of the B.2 Trainers from the Reserve School at Hanworth. This 'plane is a development of the Blackburn "Bluebird," the original side-by-side open two-seater. There is a B.2 School at Brough, home town of Blackburn aircraft and the only factory in the country to have an aerodrome and seaplane base on the doorstep

The Aeronca "Jap," an ultra-light two-seater that cruises at 85. It is to be built in quantity over here and is being sold for £395 complete in every detail. As a cheap trainer and as an owner-pilot's flyabout it should prove popular



An Aerial View of

FIRBECK HALL CLUB

Nr. WORKSOP, YORKS

Situated in the celebrated Dukeries district just off the Great North Road at Barnby Moor

AERODROME.—An Aerodrome of fifty acres has been laid out under the advice of Capt. T. Campbell-Black, the joint-winner of the Mildenhall-Melbourne Air Race. The entrance to the Aerodrome is quite close to the Club, and practically any type of Aircraft can be landed with safety.

18-Hole GOLF COURSE SWIMMING POOL SQUASH RACKETS TENNIS RIDING

Particulars of Membership on Application to Hon. Secretary.

Telephone and Telegrams: Maltby 77.

The Winged Victory.

Announcing:

THE ONLY SINGLE SECURITY which provides a comprehensive investment in the aviation and allied industries:

Aviation & Universal Investment Trust

The Trust is of the managed unit type, and its portfolio at present embraces the shares of 63 Companies engaged in the manufacture of aircraft, engines, constructional materials, finishes, uniforms and accessories; the operation of air lines; and the construction, lighting and maintenance of aerodromes.

At a price of approximately 10s. 0d. per unit the present gross annual yield is estimated at between 3¾% and 4%. Sums of about £50 upwards may be invested through your Stockbroker, Solicitor or Bank Manager.

The portfolio of the Trust may be varied, within limits defined in the Trust Deed, by the Managers, who will make available a statement of the Trust's investments monthly.

The Managers are:
AVIATION TRUST MANAGERS LTD.
Members of the Association of Fixed and Flexible Trust Managers.

Chairman:
The Rt. Hon. LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

Directors:
Sir ALFRED BEIT, Bt., M.P. (Director, Rhodesia Railways Ltd.).
THOMAS LAW, Esq., C.A. (late Senior Partner, Price, Waterhouse, Peat & Co., Calcutta).
G. A. MONCRIEFF, Esq. (Director, General Accident Fire & Life Assurance Corporation Ltd.).
Sir HERBERT MORGAN, K.B.E. (Chairman, Smith's Potato Crisps (1929) Ltd.).

The Trustees are GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD., who hold the securities, collect the dividends, etc., and distribute the income twice annually during the 10-year life of the Trust.

For full particulars apply for Booklet BS to
The Secretary, Aviation Trust Managers Limited, Palmerston House, Old Broad St., London, E.C.2. 'Phones: National 6418-9.

Doremus

The Assortment includes Osborne, Thin Arrowroot, Butter Fingers, Marie, Petit Beurre, Finger Digestive, all the well-tried favourites whose names are household words.

"All old friends and jolly good company"

—That's "Standard Kinds" made by Huntley & Palmers. Buy an assortment of really good biscuits—all famous "old friends" in a single half pound—old friends are always the best.

Huntley & Palmers

"STANDARD KINDS" ASSORTED

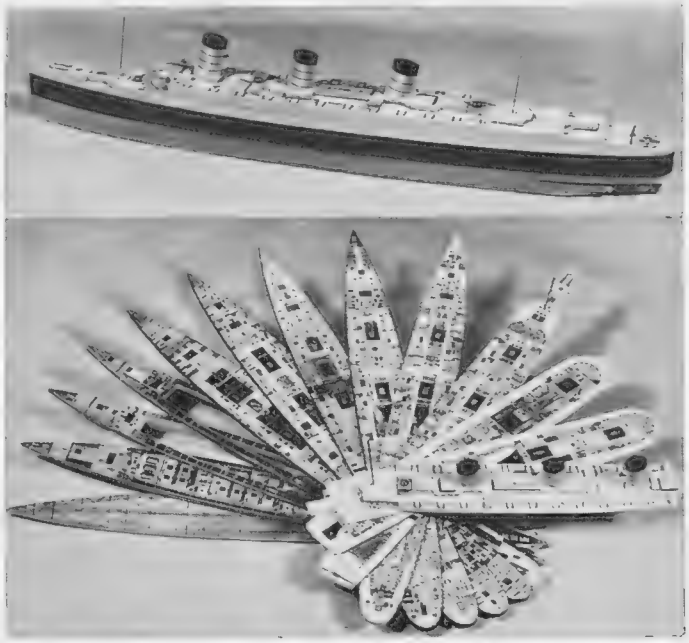
7½D *PER* **HALF POUND**

Made by Huntley & Palmers—
so you know they're the best.

UNIQUE "TAKE TO PIECES" COLOURED MODEL OF

R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News."



All 12 Decks Removable, Revealing Every Item of the Ship's Wonderful Interior.

The Model, 12 inches long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship, is available in an attractive box, price 3/6. Postage and packing, Inland, 9d. extra; Elsewhere Abroad, 2/6 extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to :—

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

R.A.F. Officers' Golfing Association

The Spring Meeting at St. George's Hills

(1) Air-Comdr. R. Peel Ross (winner of the Handicap, first divison, and 9-holes Handicap) and Air Vice-Marshal C. Longcroft. (2) Sq.-Ldrs. Hillman Gray (winner of the 18-holes Handicap, second division) and H. Beardsworth. (3) Ft.-Lt. K. Cross and Sq.-Ldr. C. R. Davidson. (4) Ft.-Lts. G. C. Shepherd, G. H. White, and J. R. Ackers. (5) Ft.-Lt. D. Cook and Sq.-Ldr. A. C. Sanderson. (6) Ft.-Lt. L. Dickens and Ft.-Lt. W. K. Beisiegel. (7) Ft.-Lt. D. Field and Flying Officer M. Robinson. (8) Ft.-Lts. P. G. Chichester and J. M. Ritchie. (9) Ft.-Lts. K. A. Jackman and G. K. Horner. (10) Flying Officer R. C. V. Ash and Ft.-Lt. J. R. Scarlett

"**KENSITAS** APPEAL TO ME BECAUSE THEY HAVE A PLAIN-TIP AND THEIR **COSTLIER TOBACCOS*** NEVER IRRITATE MY THROAT"

Will Hay

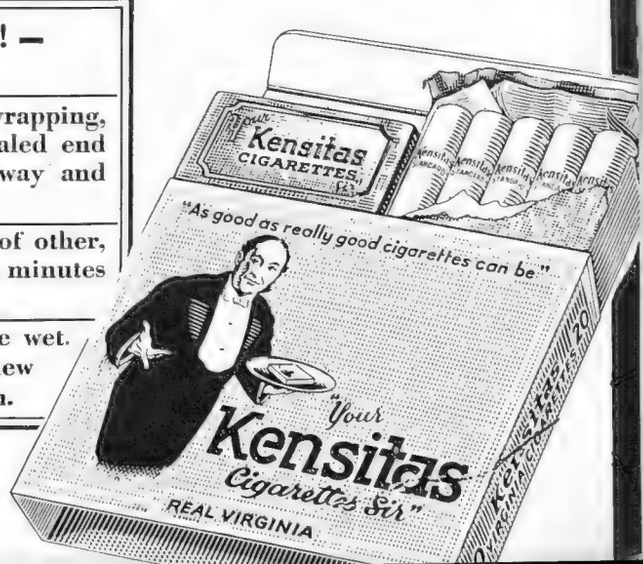
SCREEN AND RADIO FAVOURITE

TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE. SO KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS* ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Mr. Will Hay made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test :

1.	**HERE IT IS — YOU TRY HIS DRASTIC TEST ! —** Mr. Will Hay put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.
2.	He placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. He did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.
3.	After five minutes, he lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.



**Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

"Are You as Good as You Used to Be?"

"ARE you as good as you used to be?"

What an awkward question this is to answer, whether it is asked about your play at golf or any other outdoor or indoor game, or your business ability, or your private life, or anything else. Of course, the best answer is "No," and when your questioner has had time to think what a nice, modest man or woman you are, you should add "Better."

How we all hate this question, especially those of us who are not as young as we used to be, as it generally infers that we have seen our best days, and that the answer as regards golf is bound to be "No; I cannot hit the ball at all, and am getting shorter and shorter, and the short game which I once could play accurately has now also deserted me."

"Are you as good as you used to be?" was the question Miss Wethered was continually asked by reporters at every place she visited during her golf tour in the United States last year. How she replied to this question, I have not been able to ascertain, although I have tried hard to do so. Whenever Miss Wethered makes an appearance in competitive golf, which, unfortunately, is on very few occasions nowadays, everyone asks the same question, and as there is no hope of her answering it herself, I will try and answer it for her.

MISS WETHERED is, at the present time, longer with her wooden clubs than she has ever been and just as accurate with them. In the Sunningdale Foursomes, she certainly played a few bad shots, but not nearly as many as you would expect, if you knew that, except for one week-end at Sandwich, she had played practically no golf for three months, and had been, during that time, working exceedingly hard. I think that in spite of the experience of her American tour, she is now more nervous than she used to be, and that this was the cause of her missing one or two putts which she would have holed for certain a few years ago.

I can almost hear someone say, "But Miss Wethered is so calm on the golf course, she surely has no nerves?" This statement is by no means correct. There are, and there have been, very few really great players at any game who do not, or have not, suffered from nerves in one form or another; in fact, there are many players who cannot produce their best unless they are highly strung.

I think you can say without doubt that at the present time Miss Wethered is just as good a golfer as she used to be. She played at Sunningdale with a brand new set of clubs, fourteen in number, of her own design, with which she had never played a shot before; the wooden clubs were fitted with steel shafts, and the driver had a slightly whippy one, while the irons and her steel putter were shafted with hickory. I am sure that she does not use all these clubs, except in very exceptional circumstances, but as it is her business to sell golf clubs, it is obviously good for trade to carry rather more than are necessary.

AFTER Percy Alliss had played against Miss Wethered at Sunningdale, I asked him, as I value his opinion, what he considered were the chief reasons she plays so well, and why, when completely out of practice, she can still produce first-class golf. He replied that he had watched her very carefully, and had noticed two things; if we could all remember them, he said, we would seldom play a bad shot.

The first was that she never moves her shoulders too soon; *i.e.*, that the right shoulder does not go forward and the left shoulder back until the club-head is making contact with the ball. Alliss said that moving the shoulders too soon is the cause of a large percentage of bad shots.

The second reason is that the pace of Miss Wethered's club-head for all the ordinary shots, except the very short ones, never varies; in other words, that she has perfect rhythm. If you add to these two great attributes a perfect golfing temperament and a gift of sizing up her opponents' temperaments and weaknesses, you can well understand how it is that she is seldom on the losing side. Like her brother, whenever she is faced with a really difficult shot she nearly always plays it to perfection; it is the ordinary straightforward shot which she occasionally misses, probably because it is so easy to her that she finds it uninteresting and does not concentrate.

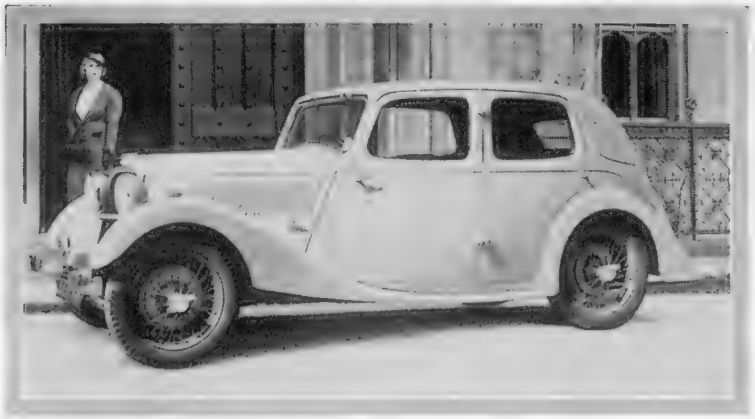
I once saw Walter Hagen, playing in the Open Championship at Royal St. George's—a championship which he finally won—hit a shot from one yard short of a bunker into its face, a few yards in front of his nose. His only comment was that he was playing that particular shot so well, and that it was so easy to him, that he failed completely to look at the ball, whereupon he dug his ball out of the bunker and holed a long putt for a 5.

IF you asked many of those who represent their schools in the Halford Hewitt Cup at Deal "Are you as good as you used to be?" the answer in many cases would most certainly be "No." R. H. de Montmorency, H. E. Taylor, J. W. B. Pease, and Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon may not be quite as good as they used to be, but they are still very much better and more reliable partners in foursome play on a seaside course than a large number of good players thirty to forty years their juniors.

Lord Hewart of Bury, the Lord Chief Justice, presided at the Hyde Park Hotel dinner given to Major Percy Burton. Major Burton (on Lord Hewart's left) is the 1936 president of the English Golf Union

"The First Tee at Kingswood Golf Club, Tadworth": this oil painting, the work of Mr. E. B. Sansom, was presented by the artist to his club at the captain's annual dinner. It shows the president and committee of Kingswood Club, as well as the captain, Major Fawcett. Mr. A. J. Chandler, who took an active part in preparing the new course laid out by James Braid, is shown driving from the tee on the right

More people are buying Riley cars



especially the new Nine

and the 6-light Adelphi

THE sales of Riley cars this year are considerably in excess of previous years'. We are not quite sure that we would prefer that regularity of output and unvarying level of price which for a decade has been the wonder and envy of many a manufacturer; but it would seem that in the re-designed, improved Nine at £269 and the 5-seater 6-light Adelphi at £350 we have "pulled off a double." That is unusual in the motor trade and no doubt accounts for the mild boom in Rileys at the present time. It also indicates that they are both very good cars for the money. Dunlop Tyres, and Triplex Glass all round. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

Coachwork by

AVON

Flying Twelve £335
Flying Sixteen £365
Flying Twenty £370

THE NEW AVON BODY Co LTD WARWICK ENG.

COGENT

A Modern Medley

Something New in Accessories

INTEREST is centred upon accessories this season, and there is much scope for both originality and ingenuity. Simple lainage frocks are enlivened by lingerie touches which include Tudor ruffs, Puritan collars and others of the Peter Pan style, worked in broderie anglaise. Leather belts are wide and ornamental. Some are embossed, others appliqué with contrasting leather flowers centred with coloured stones. Bags in tweed and cashmere for the country, or printed silk for town, are accompanied by scarves and vary considerably in shape. The latest innovation is a bow-shaped bag available in pastel suèdes, calf, and moiré for evening. Brightly coloured suède gloves are worn with tweeds, while those for evening are long and elaborately embroidered or trimmed with flowers. Talking of flowers, they are here, there, and everywhere. Both real and artificial blooms are used for making waistcoats and capes, necklaces and bracelets, accompanied by ear-rings. Sprays are worn in the hair, also hand-painted feather butterflies. Ostrich-feathers dyed in the loveliest colours are proving very fashionable for capes, button-holes and fans, while lacquered fronds are made into bandeaux for the head.

A Cleansing Tonic for the Hair

DAWN-GLO is the name of a wonderful shampoo which acts like a tonic, giving new life and vitality to the hair. It is entirely free from soap, and is made from certain homogenised ingredients which include a special grease solvent. Directions as to its use are printed on the back of every packet. All you do is to dissolve the contents in a large cup of warm water, damp the hair, and then apply only half the liquid to start with. This acts as a cleansing bath and opens the pores, releasing every trace of secreted dust and grime. The second half of the shampoo is a beauty bath and burnishes the hair, so that it gleams with newly discovered lights. Dawn-Glo is sold practically everywhere, but should there be any difficulty in obtaining it, application must be made to J. W. Ross, 9-11, Tabernacle Street, E.C., who will send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Gloves, collars and belts all play an important part in the world of accessories. Included in the group pictured above is one of the new horse-shoe collars with embroidered vine leaves. The long suède gloves spangled with star dust are designed for evening wear, and so are the roses

Spring Fabrics

NEW fabrics always appear at the beginning of every season and Celanese have surpassed themselves in creating a variety of beautiful weaves which have proved an outstanding success, especially among designers, who are united in their praise. For beach wear and sports, there are gay checks and bold pirate stripes in a variety of jersey knits. Soft wool-like materials in tweed and bouclé effects, including a new marl "Crêpe Jerze," are designed for day clothes, while for afternoon and evening there are lustrous satins, heavy georgettes, taffetas, and jerseys, the latter with a dull velvet surface. One of these, "Crêpe Kapre," has a chalk-like bloom which is very striking. This firm also excel in lovely lingerie crêpes which wash perfectly, without ever losing their first glory.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (13th Year)

at Turnberry G.C. (Arran Course), JUNE 9 to 12, 1936

Holders: MISS CRADOCK-HARTOPP and MISS NEWELL.

Entries close Friday, May 22nd. Enter NOW

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach MISS E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 22nd.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The BYSTANDER Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day inclusive.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Turnberry during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

TURNBERRY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by Friday, May 22nd, 1936.

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, June 9th, 1936, and following days.

Please enter
Mrs. }
Miss } .....

of.....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. }
Miss } .....

of.....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.* .....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 4th to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone: 2 Turnberry.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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"Angela." Attractive Linen Dress with contrasting belt and buttons. This model is one of a collection of dresses in Milanese, Washing Silk and Linen. In all good colours. Four stock sizes: hips 38, 40, 42 and 44 ins. **60/-**

Stock Sizes: Second Floor.

Swan & Edgar LTD

Piccadilly Circus, W.1 *'Phone: Regent 1616.*

Original Model

Tea Gown

Copies . . . in beautiful French prints

From $10\frac{1}{2}$ *GNS.*

in a lovely design of blue and pink

The sleeve and cape are cut in one and the waistband is draped with petals

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE ST., W.1.

Debenhams Ltd.

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Roger Hicks

Is the wife of Lieut. Roger Hicks, R. N. son of the late Lieut.-Col. Hicks and Mrs. Hicks, of Lanhainsworth, St. Columb, Cornwall. Before her marriage in February she was Iris Wilcox, and is the daughter of the late Major Wilcox, D.S.O., and Mrs. Wilcox

Larken — Royds

Lieut. Wyatt Larken, R.N., eldest son of Admiral Sir Frank and Lady Larken, of 2, Holmbush Road, Putney, and Florrie Meriel (Billy) Royds, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Percy Royds, of High Coombe, Kingston Hill, Surrey, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Lenare

O'Hagan — Dupree

Betty Dupree, daughter of the late Sir William Dupree, and Lady Dupree, of Upperfold, Liphook, Hants., was married at St. Joseph's, Grayshott, to John O'Hagan; he is the only son of the late Joseph O'Hagan and Mrs. O'Hagan, of Tullahogue, Newry, County Down

Acland — Alford

Left: Richard Dyke Acland, M.P. for Barnstaple, son of Sir Francis Acland, Bt., M.P. for North Cornwall, and of Lady Acland, married Anne Alford at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Alford, of 21, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3

Right: Reginald Seligman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Seligman, of 23 Down Street, W., and Margaret Coleridge, daughter of Sir John and Lady Coleridge, of 16, Egerton Terrace, S.W.3 were married at Chelsea Old Church

Seligman — Coleridge

Nesbitt-Dufort — Ensor

Lannette Ensor, only daughter of Major-General Howard Ensor, C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Ensor, of Hawkhurst, Kent, was married at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, to John Nesbitt-Dufort, R.A.F.

Appleby — Pearson

Stephen Villiers Appleby, only son of the late Dr. Ernest Appleby, married Zoë Pearson, youngest daughter of the late Sir Edward Pearson, and Lady Pearson, of Manwood Court, Sandwich. Mr. Appleby is well-known as an exponent of the "Flying Flea"

Norman-Butler — Hambro

Faith Hambro, younger daughter of the late N. Hambro, and Mrs. Charles Boyle, of Cleves, Kemsing, Kent, was married at St. Mary's, Kemsing, to Nicholas Norman-Butler, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman-Butler, of Chelsfield House, Chelsfield, Kent

Kann — Willis

Leonard Eustace Kann, only surviving son of Mr. René Kann, of Paris, and Joyce Gertrude Willis, youngest daughter of Colonel Sir George Willis, C.I.E., M.V.O., and Lady Willis, of Glencot, Fleet, Hants., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Walker — Clarke

At Walmer Church, Lieut. Charles Walker, R.N., a grandson of the late Admiral Douglas, of Walmer, married Margaret Clarke, daughter of the late Sir Fielding Clarke, and Lady Clarke, of Harefield House, Walmer

Dalton — Evans

The wedding of Daphne Evans, the daughter of Mrs. F. A. Macartney, of Amberley Court, Monmouth, to Captain Charles Dalton, the elder son of the late Major-General and Mrs. Dalton, of The Hutts, Grewelthorpe, Ripon, took place at Monmouth

Murray — Geikie

At the Church of the Holy Trinity, Ayr, Scotland, Charles Murray, son of Lord and Lady Murray, of 162, Great King Street, Edinburgh, married Mary Stuart Geikie. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Geikie, of Ayr

Barstow — Gardener

Henry Barstow, son of the late Major Barstow, and Mrs. Barstow, of Campden, Gloucestershire, and Pamela Sylvia Gardener, daughter of Captain Alan and Mrs. Gardener, of Heathfield, Sussex, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Poole, Dublin

Wilson — Gregg

Dr. Cecil Wilson, younger son of the late William Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, of Trumroe, Castlepollard, Co. Westmeath, and Margaret Gregg, elder daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin and Mrs. Gregg, of The Palace, Dublin, were married at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin

Winlaw — Seymour Seal

Marsali Seymour Seal, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Seal, of Rondels, Cookham Dean, Berks, was married to Roger Winlaw at Cookham Church. He is the son of the Rev. G. and Mrs. Winlaw, of The Rectory, Houghton Conquest, Beds.

Tunbridge

Alderson — Barrington

Richard Cosmo Alderson, son of Sir Edward and the late Lady Alderson, of Tunstall Hall, Suffolk, and Gillian Mary Barrington, younger daughter of the Hon. Bernard and Mrs. Barrington, of 11, Ilchester Place, Holland Park, W., were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Crisp — Gooch

Barbara Gooch, elder daughter of Sir Thomas and the late Lady Gooch, of Benacre Hall, Suffolk, was married at Wrentham Church to Raymond John Crisp, son of the late J. R. Crisp, and Mrs. Crisp, of Kirby Cane Hall, Norfolk

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 29 — May 5

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—The comedy (or tragedy) of opposed temperaments in marriage is the basis of this amusing piece that runs like the poet's brook; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the pair: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE FUTURE THAT WAS.—Mixture of philosophy and fun, this rather tangled play has good moments; scenes in 2121 A.D. and the present day; Eric Cowley and Sydney Fairbrother: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

GLASS HOUSES.—Patrick Waddington and Aileen Marson are newly-marrieds upset by the man's relations; a character piece of fairly good drawing: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT.—A scientist who gets in touch with Mars is not popular with the financiers and politicians of his day; this is the basis of a satirical melodrama with Renée Gadd, Arthur Wontner and Abraham Sofaer: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.—"Max's" Regency fantasy, adapted by Clemence Dane and delightfully decorated by Motley, makes the most charming piece in London; Ivor Novello, Vivien Leigh, and Isabel Jeans are in it: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

KING LEAR.—Last three days of the Vic-Wells production, with William Devlin and Vivienne Bennett: Sadler's Wells, 8. Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Monday). Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—Margaret Rawlings is Katie O'Shea and Wyndham Goldie is the Irish patriot in this play of the Irish rebellion: Gate, 8.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PROMISE.—Bernstein's family drama is as brilliantly acted as it is theatrically effective; Madge Titheradge, Barry Jones, and Edna Best head the fine cast: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—A fine study by Sherriff and Miss de Casalis of Napoleon's last days; Keneth Kent is the Emperor, and the smaller characters all live: Daly's 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHADOW.—Amusing situation of compromise and murder, with Cecil Parker and Eileen Peel in the lead: Playhouse, 8.30. Tues., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Mazo de la Roche's novel, adapted by her, has amusing and touching moments; Nancy Price is Grandma Whiteoaks, Stephen Haggard is Finch Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WISDOM TEETH.—Beatrix Thomson, Edith Sharpe, and Ronald Adam in a fresh and entertaining play of first and second wife and the children concerned: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 75.—Comedian Barry Lupino and Eddie Hooper are newcomers to the cast, which includes all the Windmill favourites; a Milne and West duologue, a burlesque of the Queen Mary's sailing, and a Chinese tableau are amongst the attractions: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.—Go to this if your tastes are robust and not too refined, and you will revel in Frank Randle, a skating ballet and some grandiose spectacles: Alhambra, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Not so much to look at but better to listen to than Cochran's, this revue has June and Arthur Riscoe as stars; Vivian Ellis did the music: Palace, 6.30 and 9.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LIMPING MAN.—This is a real thriller of simple construction and good performance, with laughs in it, too: Kingsway, 6.30 and 9.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly redone; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Hugh Miller and Elena Miramova in a piece of peculiar horror about murder for art's sake: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Re-opening of Noel Coward's short plays, with a new one coming into the programme; the author, Gertrude Lawrence and Alison Leggatt are in them: Phœnix, to-night, 29th.

BEES ON THE BOATDECK.—"A light-hearted farcical comedy" is J. B. Priestley's description of his new play, which has Ralph Richardson, Lawrence Olivier and Kay Hammond in it: Lyric, Tues., 5th.

CINEMAS

ANNE-MARIE.—Annabella learns to fly in this light and elegant French farce, and she teaches her instructor, Pierre Richard-Willm, a few things: Curzon.

DESIRE.—Director Frank Borzage brings out some new qualities in Marlene Dietrich without losing the old ones; glamour is still the word, and Gary Cooper sets it off well, though the pearl-thief story is routine: Carlton.

FOLLOW THE FLEET.—The new Astaire-Rogers-Berlin piece is strictly according to old recipe—but the ingredients are as good as ever: Plaza.

IT HAD TO HAPPEN.—George Raft and Rosalind Russel in a drama of American politics and love, frames-up, graft and rapid rise to power: New Gallery.

LIEBESMELODIE.—Another gay gala from Vienna, with old Hungarian songs and paternal fiddlers; Marta Eggerth entrances her escort, Rolf Wanka, by her singing, which really is good (Franz Lehar's music): Academy.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.—Freddie Bartholomew is the little Lord, Dolores Costello, his mother, and C. Aubrey Smith the old Earl in this new version of an old favourite: London Pavilion.

MODERN TIMES.—Chaplin's newest got past the critics, and it is very good, but too up-stage for Charlie's essence; all the same, he and Paulette Goddard should be seen as waifs of a machine age: Tivoli.

RHODES OF AFRICA.—The history and geography film; good acting by Homolka as Kruger, Basil Sydney as Jameson and Walter Huston in the name part: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SYLVIA SCARLETT.—Compton Mackenzie's novel makes a film with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn and Brian Aherne. A charming inter-play of character and characteristics: Regal (from Friday).

TALE OF TWO CITIES.—M.-G.-M. have made a fine film of Dickens' character-history; Ronald Colman acts the part of his life as Carton, Elizabeth Allan is Lucie, and the small parts are good: Empire.

THESE THREE.—Free adaptation of *The Children's Hour* is well acted by Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea; a tale of two girls whose school-teaching venture is wrecked by calumny: Leicester Square.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART.—The Eumorfopoulos Collection: Victoria and Albert Museum, 10—6 (free on Sundays).

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN:

PARSIFAL.—To-night, 29th, 5.45.
AIDA.—Thurs., 30th, 8.
DIE MEISTERSINGER.—Fri., 1st, 6.30.
PARSIFAL.—Mon., 4th, 5.45.
AÏDA.—Tues., 5th, 8.

OLD VIC:

FALSTAFF.—Wed., 29th, 8.
LA BOHÈME.—Thurs., 30th, 8.
MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Sat., 2nd, 2.30.
CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI.—Sat., 2nd, 8.

BALLET

OLD VIC:

THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, APPARITIONS, BARABAU.—Fri., 1st, 8.30.
BAISER DE LA FÉE, FAÇADE, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—Tues., 5th, 8.30.

FRIDOLIN.—Trudi Schoop's Comic Ballets come to town: Vaudeville, 8.30.

CONCERTS

MORIZ ROSENTHAL.—Second and third of seven historical recitals—"Bach to Brahms"—at the Wigmore Hall: (Beethoven) to-night, 29th, 8.30; (Weber and Schubert) Sat., 2nd, 3.

BUDAPEST QUARTET.—Second recital includes quartets by Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven: Æolian Hall, Thurs., 30th, 8.30.

FRIEDA HEMPEL.—Only recital this season, at the Queen's Hall, Tues., 5th.

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London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

APRIL is as fickle a month for restaurants as it is meteorologically: full nights and empty nights arrive as undependably as fine and wet days. But this week, with the Opera well started at Covent Garden and Academy private view cards in the middle of the mantelpiece, the season gets itself under way, and restaurant weather sets fair. Most places on the night-life list are ready for the crowds. Late starters (too late for this round of inspection, anyway) are the Dorchester, whose new cabaret might have arrived before if those Hollywood Starlets hadn't been such a success, and the Carlton, which one hears, is probably opening again for summer dancing next month.

Swaebe

At Quaglino's for the Opening Night

Miss Joyce Leigh and her mother, Mrs. Claude Leigh, and Mr. Peter Stewart were in an opening-night party at Quaglino's last week, when London had its first view of the new copper floor

Chez Quaglino

QUAGLINO'S had a terrific opening night on Tuesday last week, the restaurant packed to the doors and overflowing into the room at the back, and every night-lifer in London there. All the new non-mourning dresses came out for the occasion. The reason for this gala was the new décor, and most of all the new polished copper dance floor. The floor is the first of its kind here and is a great success both for looker-on and dancer. It 's like a big pool of shining water and takes really lovely effects from the changing coloured lights hidden in the ceiling above—from moonlight through sunlight to an exciting red. The rest of the scheme is white-gold, orchid and blue—vivid but extraordinarily well-balanced. Oh, and there 's an attractive miniature Swiss view alcoved at the top end of the room which gives a pleasant effect of coolness and distance, a good idea for the hot summer nights we look forward to after our Arctic spring.

Quaglino gives an immense amount of thought and care to the look of his restaurant. He 's always been famous for his flair for "dressing" his room, as far as table arrangements are concerned, and the exquisite flowers that he uses as part of the décor are typical of his attention to detail.

Below: Mr. Leonard Govett and Patricia, Lady Cottenham, were in another party at Quaglino's on the opening night

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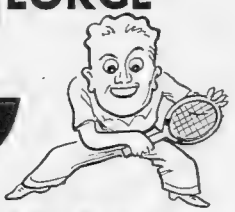

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SIR HENRY

ALL CALL FOR SEAGERS GIN

THE SPIRIT OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

One can still dine or sup unchanged at the far end of the restaurant, and downstairs the little grill is as amusing as ever for a dancing evening in day clothes.

The Ritz

THE Ritz was shut for about ten days over Easter, and opened again last week with a new cabaret and the return of "Charlie" as compère. He had been hibernating at the International Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. His reappearance was greeted with much approving noise, especially when he sang some "very new" songs of which, oddly enough, everyone in the room seemed to know the choruses. Mayfair's faithfulness to its approved entertainers (Billy Bennett and Joe Jackson are two more of them) is as remarkable as its intolerance of whoever or whatever bores it. There probably won't be an evening as long as Charlie's here when he'll be allowed to sit down without singing "Wien" and "Trink, trink, brüdelein, trink."

Rawicz and Landauer are popular too. They are the two pianists who played at the Ritz a few months ago, and they also don't escape without playing a piece or two that everyone knows. On Sundays they are going to play classical music during dinner, starting on May 2nd with a Chopin-Tschaikowsky programme.

Carolyn Marsh, an American singer, and Delvin, a conjuror with a highly intelligent love-bird called Sally as his partner, complete the programme at the moment. Everything else is as it was, which at the Ritz is what one expects and likes to find—Aletto shepherding his flock to their tables, Joe Kaye leading his band, the windows opening on the green Green Park again, the lunch-time tables straying down the passage nearly to the door, and the always-good food.

Four in the Ritz Cabaret

Rawicz and Landauer are the twin (only in their playing) pianists who 've come back from Budapest; "Indefatigable" Charlie has come back from Monte Carlo to compère and sing, and Carolyn Marsh, a deep-voiced crooner, has come from America for her first London cabaret appearance

San Marco

THE San Marco is looking as fresh as a spring day. No one ever made a more successful design for a restaurant than Oliver Messel did when he thought out its fascinating Venetian décor. One can't go inside the place without registering that fact afresh.

"Success breeds success" may be a very wise saw, but at least one restaurateur can laugh in its face. "Flying in the face of providence" Umberto Possenti's friends said when he chose Devonshire House for his restaurant. Hectors and the Devonshire Restaurant had failed there: why risk a hoodoo site? But Humbert—so his friends call him—knows his Mayfair pretty revealingly, what they want and how to give it to them; he had faith in his idea and he was right. Seventeen months of success have proved that.

It is as happy a place for lunch as it is for dinner and supper, full of animation and nice-looking people. The Haugwitz-Reventlows and the Morley Kennerleys were in a party that came in for supper one evening lately and they make a better-looking quartet than most. But, besides the regulars, it is amusing to pick the newcomers

Music-Making at the San Marco

John Stevens wears a white coat to croon gently through the "mike"; Reginald Bristow plays the piano and leads his band from there in easy danceable rhythms

who always look innocently surprised and delighted with their "discovery." And, talking of discoveries, if you haven't made this one, try the scampi, as Humbert will have it served you—an exquisite dish.

There is a new band to dance to (another discovery, for it hasn't been in the West End before), led by pianist Reginald Bristow, and therefore moving to a particularly clever rhythm, and with a nice voice-crooner to tell you the words.

Bon Viveur

If you ever have a mildly invalid friend on your hands to feed and cosset, and if you are a member of this for-all-occasions little Club, bring the poor thing here. You'll find that she or he can eat as finickily and delicately as the doctor ordered and still be quite happy watching you eat your chateaubriand chasseur or poussin polonaise.

But don't forget it *is* a club; the subscription is small, but proposers and seconders are required. Noel Coward joined not long ago, one hears, and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid is another newish member. Lea Seidl is someone you can expect to see as often as not; the literary names on the visiting list have A. G. Macdonell's among them, and an explorer from the B.B.C. who ate his first meal there not long ago was Roger Eckersley.

One harks back to food talk—but, after all, restaurants, whether they are club ones or not, are places to eat. Here, it should be always remembered, the kitchen is small to match the room, and therefore every dish ordered is cooked *when* it's ordered and not kept half-ready, on chance. That does give the Bon Viveur food its special quality, and at a price which doesn't usually include such a luxury.

If Mr. Charles Birkin follows his Apache success of last year with the Cuban party that he was rumoured to be going to give (it may even be over by now), the kiosk was to be turned into a palm-tree. How's that for ingenious sleight-of-hand?

New Clarges

This month's inspection tour included a daylight visit to the New Clarges. First a Harwath special in the foyer, which was full of apéritif drinkers, including a number

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Amusing and Various at the Bon Viveur

A typical mixture of Bon Viveur members make a lunch-time illustration : the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham Reid for society, Lord Donegall for the Press, Noel Coward and Cicely Courtneidge for the stage and the Marquis de Casa Maury for the film world

of what one took for debs, drinking orange juice either with each other or their parents, and chattering like a lot of gay starlings. Country parents come here in considerable numbers for the season ; they like the hotel's quietness and family atmosphere, and their daughters like being so near Piccadilly and also appreciate having an amusing restaurant to feed in when mother doesn't want to go out.

Having arrived at the restaurant, where Frances Day had also chosen to eat, we have lunch, by daylight and at a window table so that the spring sunshine shouldn't be wasted. Trout are ordered ; we don't go and catch them ourselves, because that might make us feel vegetarian. Bolder spirits, however, can pick their own fish out of the large tank where they await their fate, as long as it 's understood they don't choose the eight-year-old father of the tribe. If trout are the cannibals we were brought up to believe, he probably has a pretty strict eye kept on him. Anyway, the trout are excellent ; so is the lamb cutlet and new peas and potatoes that follow, and the fruit-and-sweet trolley has stewed blackberries on it. Even in April they are irresistible. So almost was the moselle section of the wine list, but we put away temptation for once.

This month's dinner recommendation is the famous turtle soup. And if you have a weakness for champagne, don't forget that you can drink it here for a good deal less than most places.

Band Postscript

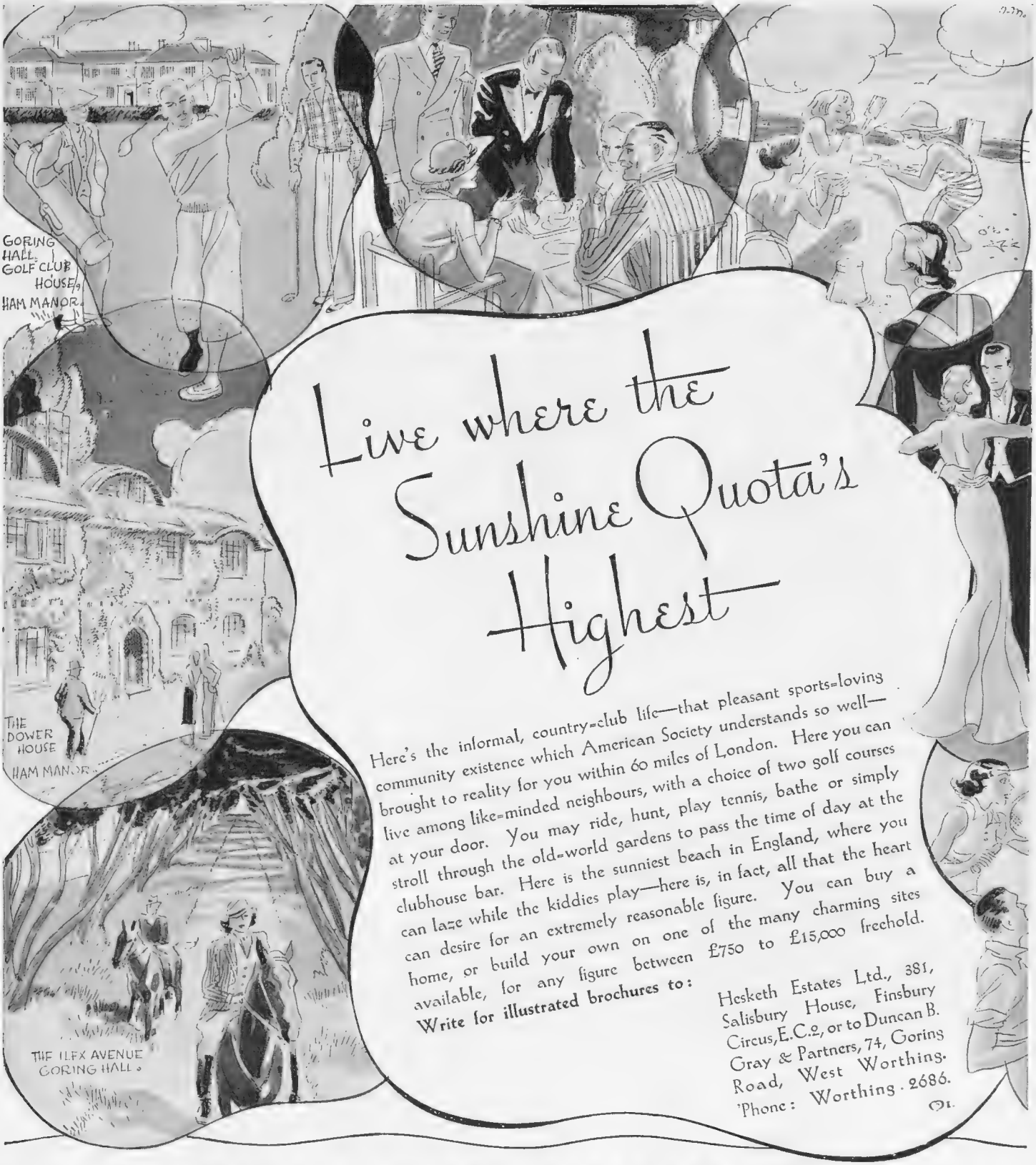
ANYONE who is giving a dance, either in London or out of it, ought to know of Philip Brown, of Birmingham. He runs several extremely good bands, whose engagements take them all over the country—Devon, Stratford-on-Avon, Yorkshire. One of his summer engagements is for the Peterhouse Ball during May Week at Cambridge. He can usually meet short-notice appeals, so his name is one for every London hostess to have on her list. E.L

Quaglino's

New Dance Floor and Decorations Sketched by Rouson had its opening night last week

Long View of the New Clarges

If the houses opposite all vanished in the night, this is the sort of long view you might get of the Clarges Street entrance to the New Clarges Hotel and Restaurant, with Piccadilly looking like a private approach and Buckingham Palace in the background. But then, Clarges Street wouldn't be such an easy place to park cars as it now is



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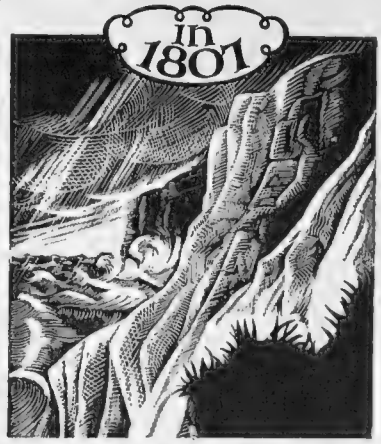

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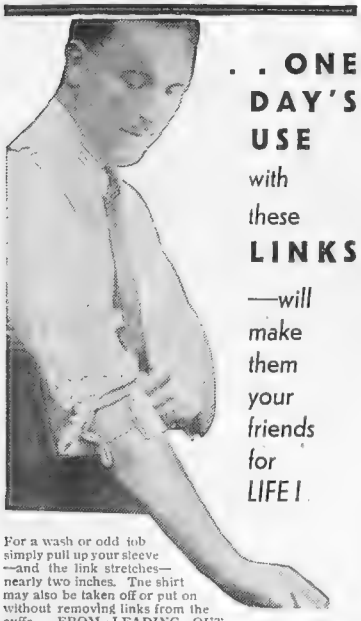

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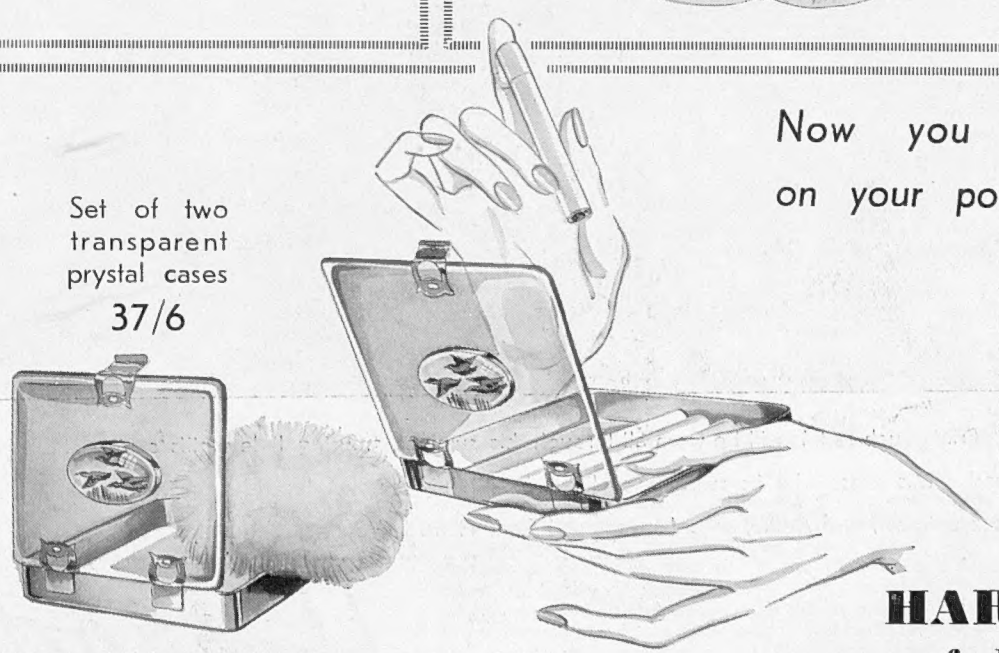

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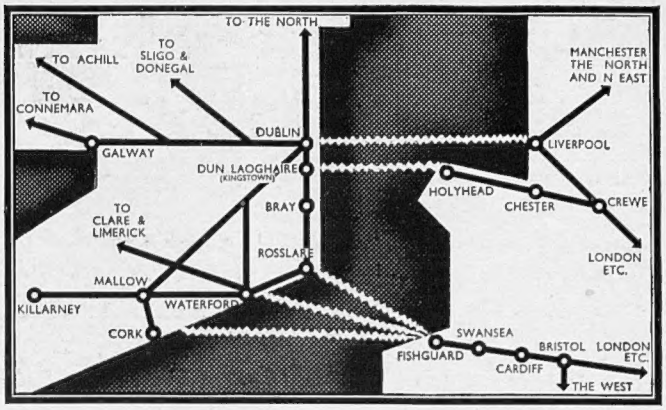

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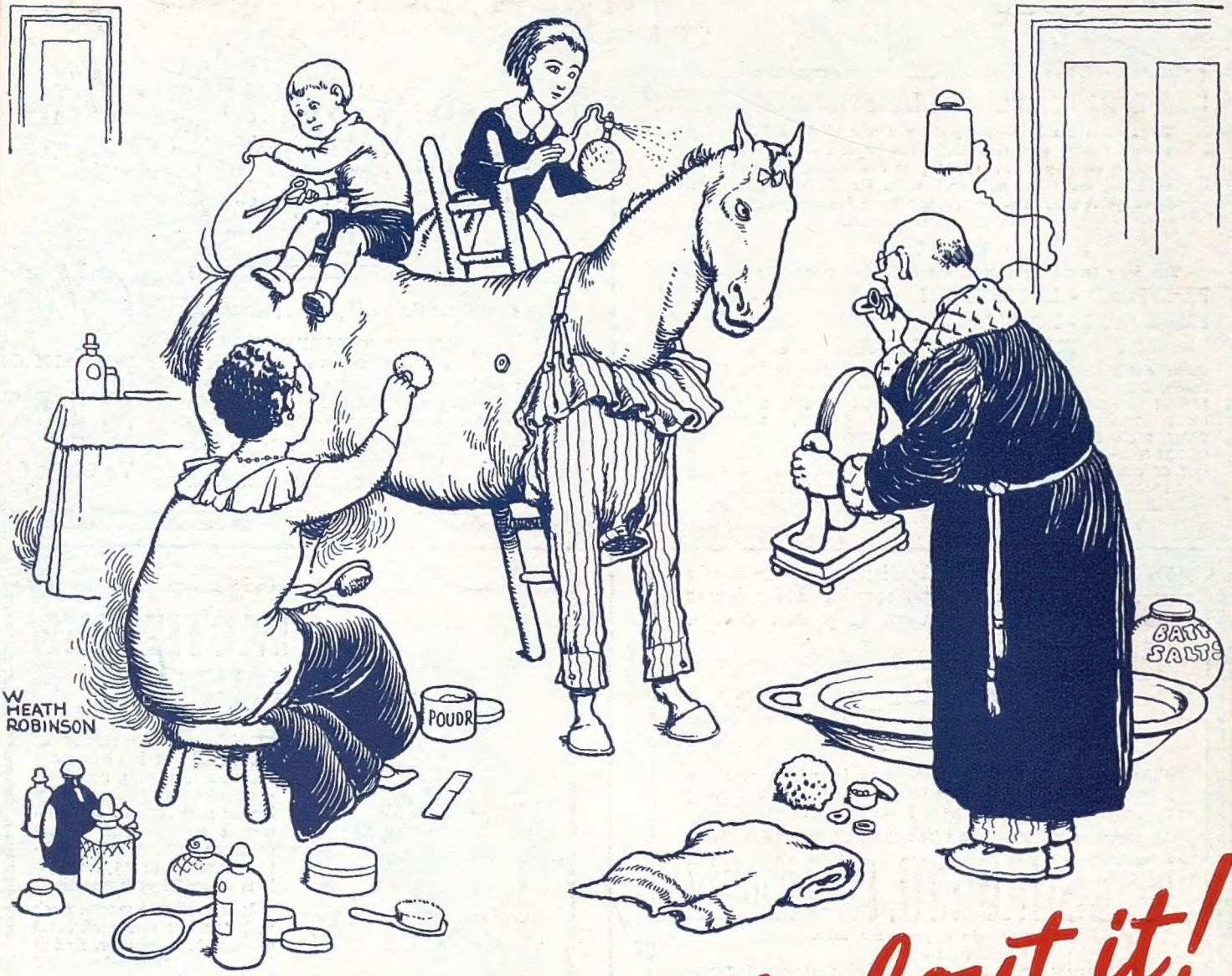

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